

The Sketch

No. 750.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



Mr. Jack Dones.

Miss Phyllis Dare.

Mrs. Dones.

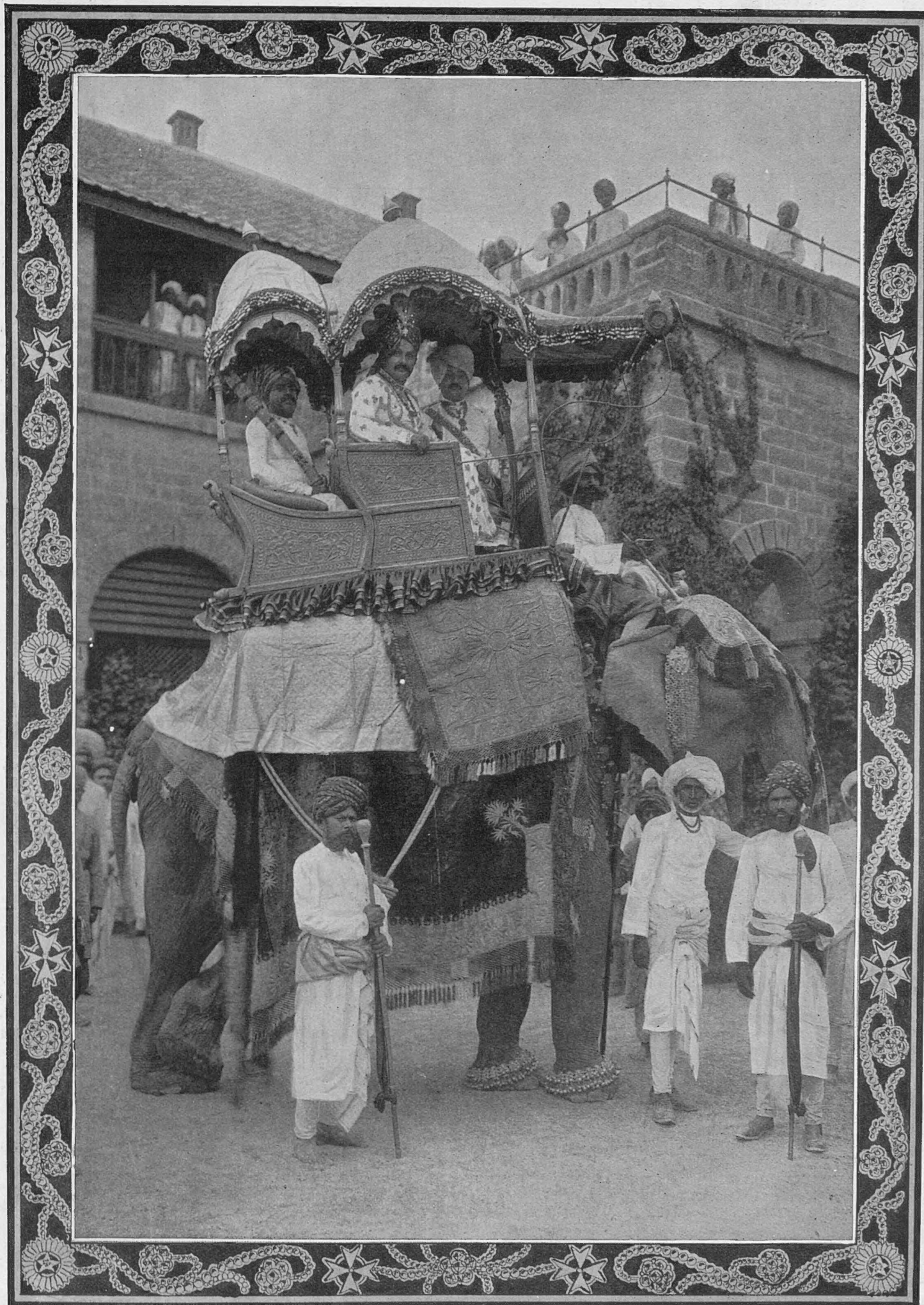
Miss Zena Dare.

Mr. Arthur Dones.

AN UNUSUAL POSE: THE MISSES ZENA AND PHYLLIS DARE, THEIR FATHER, MOTHER, AND BROTHER.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

"RANJI" AS JAM: LONG MAY HE BE PRESERVED!



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI, JAM OF NAWANAGAR, ON ONE OF HIS STATE ELEPHANTS,
ON THE DAY OF HIS INAUGURATION.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, known to cricketers the world over as "Ranji," was, as our readers are aware, recently acknowledged Jam of Nawanagar. He is here shown with his A.D.C. and mace-bearer. The Prince, who was born on September 10, 1872, was adopted by his uncle, the Jam of Nawanagar, and succeeded his cousin. He made his first appearance for the Sussex County Club in 1895, and was champion batsman for All England in 1896 and 1900.



THE OPENING UP OF A NEW EL DORADO.

THE mere mention of Peru conjures up visions of some of the most terrible deeds in the history of the world—the relentless persecutions and massacres of the inoffensive and industrious Incas, for no other reason but that they were born to a country overflowing with the mineral wealth of nature—wealth so vast that even now the mention of it fires the imagination. The bloody days of Pizarro and the *conquista* are buried in the dim past of the Middle Ages, and naught now remains of the most ancient and interesting of the Indian races of



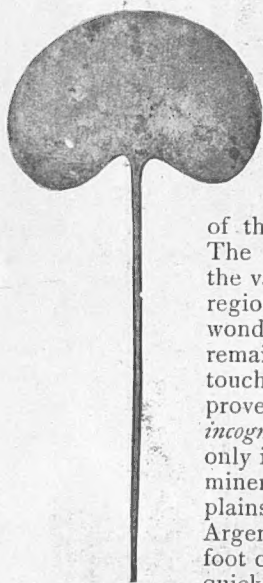
AN INCA ORNAMENT.



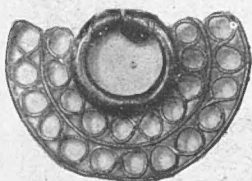
AN INCA ORNAMENT.

America but the tombs of its kings and the many evidences of their art and industry that are discovered from time to time—for the Peruvian Indian of to-day is too degenerate a being to be considered a true descendant of the great sun-worshipper, the Inca. The conquest of Peru is, however, about to be recommenced in this twentieth century—but in a peaceful way. This time it will only be the natural resources of the country which will have to succumb to the attack, and with the willing aid of the natives. Peru has too long remained hidden from the world, and with the advance of the new civilisation, her fastnesses will have to reveal their treasures.

There is probably not another country on the face of the earth which possesses greater potentialities in the near future than Peru, or one that has, up to the present, been so persistently retarded by adverse circumstances. It has often been described as one

A SILVER
PONCHO PIN.

of the richest areas of the globe. The slightest investigation of the vast natural resources of this region is sufficient to make one wonder that it should have remained so long practically untouched. A glance at the map proves that Peru is still a *terra incognita*. The whole region has been explored only in patches, as it were, though there is untold mineral wealth waiting to be developed, and plains and pampas, which will some day rival the Argentine in productiveness, still untrodden by the foot of man. Gold, silver, copper, quicksilver, and coal are to be found through the entire range of the Cordilleras of the Andes—in fact, the mountain-sides are said to be studded with silver, copper, and gold. In the department of Piura, along the coast, are important beds of petroleum; whilst in the Santa valleys are coal-deposits which extend for upwards of forty miles. On the further side of the Andes is wealth untold, in the shape of thousands upon thousands of acres of indiarubber-trees of the finest kind.



A GOLD ORNAMENT.

In connection with the wealth of coal alone, it may be interesting to mention that it has been estimated that over 1,000,000 tons of coal are consumed along the west coast of South America per year, and nearly all this is imported from England and Australia; yet within sixty-five miles of the coast and one of the finest

ports—namely, Chimbote—Peru has coalfields said to be inexhaustible, and producing a fuel equal to the best in the world, all lying dormant and undeveloped for lack of enterprise and capital to exploit them. As it is with the coal, so it is with silver and copper ores, which are said to exist in enormous quantities, though in this respect a little more enterprise is noticeable, as Americans for some time past have been turning their eyes in this direction. A syndicate has bought four-fifths of the whole mineral zone of Cerro de

Pasco, including the famous Cerro de Pasco copper mine, which is said to have been worked for over 250 years, and shows no sign of giving out; also many others in neighbouring mining districts, and have constructed a railway from Oroya to Cerro de Pasco.

The general climate of this wonderful country is pleasant and equable, though, of course, it varies with the altitude. On the coast it is hot and very dry, being situated in the rainless zone. Yet in spite of the absence of rain, the slopes of the mountains are

AN INCA
ORNAMENT.

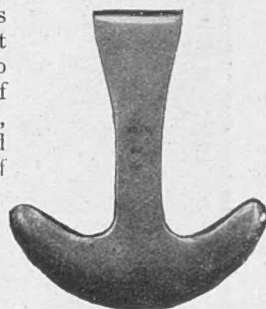
cultivated with wheat, barley, and other cereals, whilst sugar-cane, cotton and rice flourish luxuriantly in the valley. The sugar-cultivation alone in the coast valleys is a great source of wealth. In the natural grazing-grounds of the Sierra Pastas, at an altitude of over 12,000 feet, huge flocks of sheep, cattle, llamas, graze and thrive, and millions of pounds of alpaca and sheep's wool are exported.

The immense network of rivers furnishes over 6000 miles of continuous navigation for large steamers; the river Amazon has a navigable and uninterrupted waterway 2600 miles from its mouth, with seven fathoms of water for over 2000 miles—natural physical advantages which do not exist to a like extent in any other region of the earth.

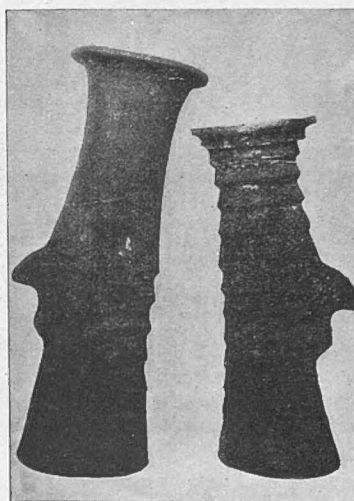
There are at present unmistakable signs of an awakening interest in Peru, doubtless in large measure due to the progress of the Panama Canal, and it is more than probable the near future will see the energies of capitalists and fortune-hunters turned in her direction, perhaps one of the most eloquent proofs of this being found in the fact that an important financial scheme is afoot for the completion of the hitherto uncompleted Chimbote Railroad, which will connect the rich and fertile interior with the coast. On the conclusion of the disastrous war with Chili, Peru found itself in an abject state of bankruptcy; the Chilians had taken possession of all her available assets—amongst others, Chimbote and its railway, which was then in process of construction, removing locomotives, bridges, and enormous quantities of supplies, including the entire outfit of the railway repair works, one of the best equipped, at that time, on the west coast of America. After the signing of peace Peru was utterly unable to



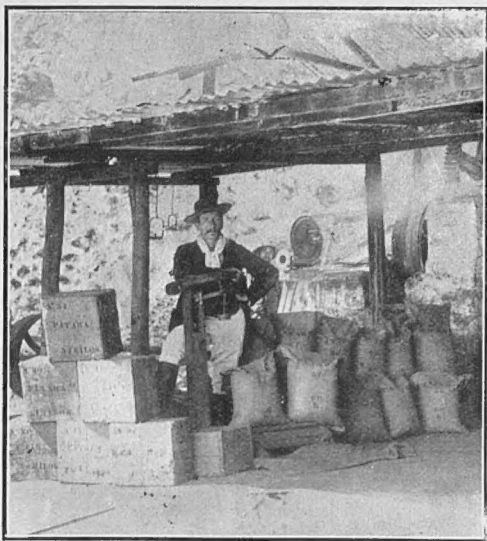
ONE OF THE TUNNELS ON THE LINE.



INCA TWEEZERS.

TREASURES OF THE INCAS: GOLD
AND SILVER CUPS USED FOR CEREMONIAL PURPOSES.

AN INCA ORNAMENT.



A SHIPMENT OF SILVER AND RICH COPPER ORES READY FOR MULE TRANSPORT TO THE COAST.

connect important cities which have hitherto been practically out of the world, whilst actually serving as a connecting link with the vast watershed of the Amazon. A new undertaking is being started, under British auspices, which bids fair to accomplish successfully what was begun so many years ago, and which has since been lying dormant through want of capital. The line, which will henceforth be known as the Peruvian Pacific Railway, will run, as originally projected, from the port of Chimbote to the town of Recuay, in the Huaylas Valley. The distance is only 165 miles, and no mountain ranges have to be crossed, the railway following the River Santa with easy gradients and curves. A good deal of work has already been carried out on the line, consisting of earthworks, tunnels partially constructed, iron bridges, and other railway material left over from the early start.

The provinces Huaylas, Yungay, and Huaraz, through which the railway is intended to run, have an approximate population of 250,000, and, so far as it is at present known, contain the richest mineral and agricultural districts of Peru. Enterprise of this description is bound to reap its reward, for apart from the cities and towns it will pass through, there are no fewer than 600 mines along or near the railway. The present cost of transport, which is by mule, is from £6 to £8 per ton from the mines to the coast, and it takes ten days from the proposed railway terminus to make a return trip to the coast, so that to transport one ton of merchandise a day it requires seventy mules, at the rate of seven animals a ton, besides fourteen drivers. The officials of the railway estimate that they will be able to make a handsome profit on 2d. per ton per mile, or 28s. per ton the entire distance—165 miles, which is at present the proposed length of the line. The Peruvian Government undertakes not to permit the construction of any other railway line, whatever may be the means of traction used thereon, for the carriage of goods and passengers between any of the points served by the railway, and grants several

continue the work on the Chimbote line, so had, willy-nilly, to hand it over, amongst other securities, to her foreign creditors. The Government has now at last found itself in a position to treat with other capitalists with a view to the speedy completion of this important undertaking, which will open up the whole of the interior and connect it with the coast, for it has been estimated that the railway will serve a population of between 600,000 and 700,000, and con-

on the west coast of South America, is a natural harbour, and said to be the best deep-water shelter on the coast of Peru. It is six miles long, four miles wide, and the British Admiralty charts show it to be extremely well protected from the prevalent winds of the region and without a single rock in the entire area. It is practically landlocked, and ships of the largest tonnage can find safe anchorage in it whatever the state of the weather outside. A fine iron pier, which can easily be made suitable for the requirements of the railway, already exists, and coaling facilities for the largest steamers would be unequalled at any port along the coast. The value of such a port cannot be over-estimated, for the coast of Peru has few protected anchorages—the headlands are generally abrupt and lofty, and afford but very few facilities for landing from boats.

The township of Chimbote itself dates back some years before the conflict with Chili, and had it ever been completed on the lines originally intended, would have been of imposing appearance. When the idea of a railway to connect the most important cities and districts of the interior with the coast was projected by the Peruvian Government the construction of the line was placed in the hands of an American engineer. Impressed with the future possibilities of the port of Chimbote, he laid out a town-site on American lines adjoining it, and there is but little doubt that had it not been for the three disastrous years of the War, Chimbote would have long since occupied a very significant position on the Pacific seaboard. It is obvious, therefore, that Chimbote's future depends on the completion of this line of railway. When this is completed an important maritime centre is assured, though it seems incomprehensible why an enterprise with so many undoubted potentialities should have so long awaited development. Now, however, that the ball is set rolling, practically all this lethargy will cease, for with the completion of the Panama Canal, Peru will be at once brought several weeks closer to the markets of Europe. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory



A PORTION OF THE LINE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



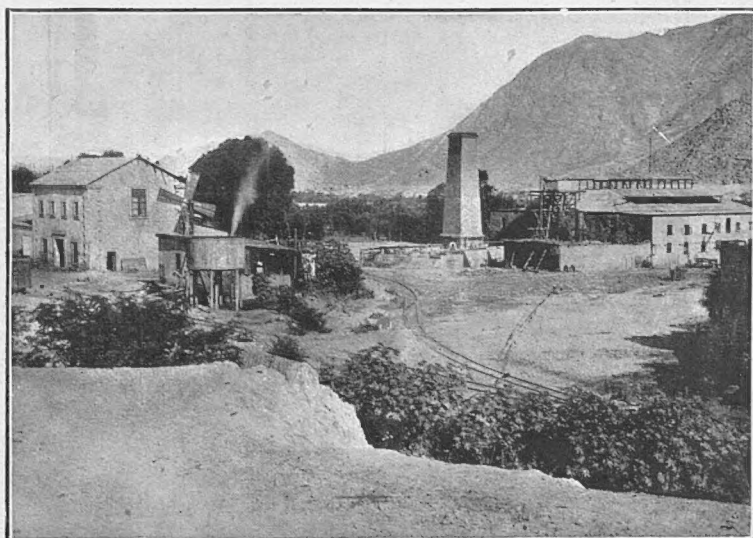
IN SANTA VALLEY.

other important privileges, for a term of twenty-five years. It is therefore under the most favourable conditions that work is being started.

The port of Chimbote, which will thus acquire great importance



A RAILWAY BRIDGE IN SANTA VALLEY.



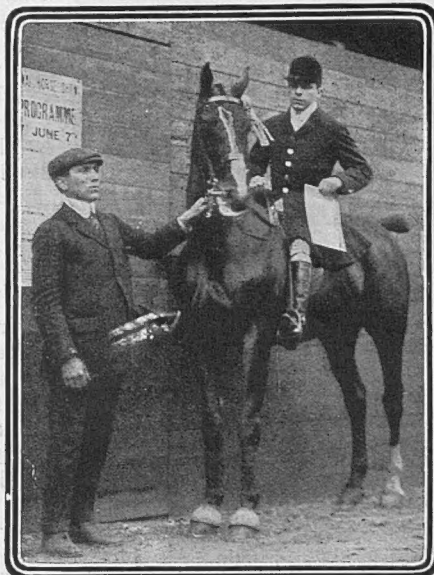
THE TERMINUS OF THE PRESENT LINE.

to note that the matter has been taken up by Englishmen, and it is to be hoped that the projected Peruvian Pacific Railway will inaugurate the commencement of new life and an era of future prosperity for the country.

THE HORSE'S FORTNIGHT: THE GREAT SHOW AT OLYMPIA, THE DERBY, AND THE OAKS.



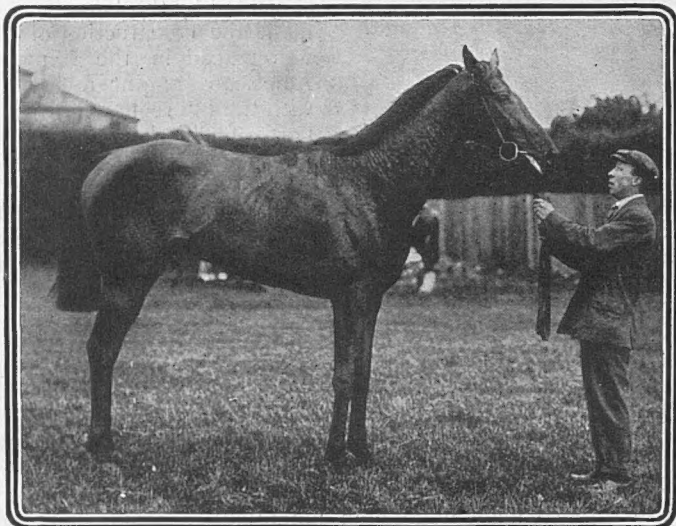
WINNER OF THE CLASS FOR LADIES' HACKS: MR. LAURENCE JONES'S POETRY OF MOTION, RIDDEN BY MISS FRANCES COEN, OF CHICAGO.



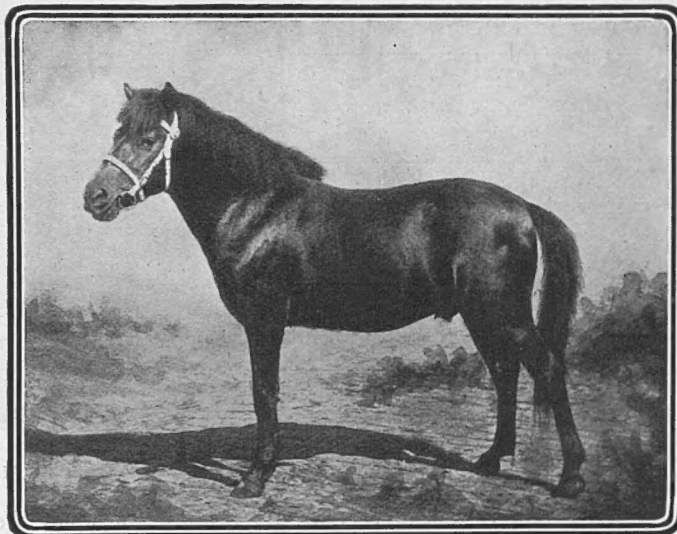
WINNER OF THE JUMPING COMPETITION OVER THE WHOLE COURSE: MR. ALFRED LOEWENSTEIN'S RÊVEUR, WHICH DID NOT "TOUCH A TWIG."



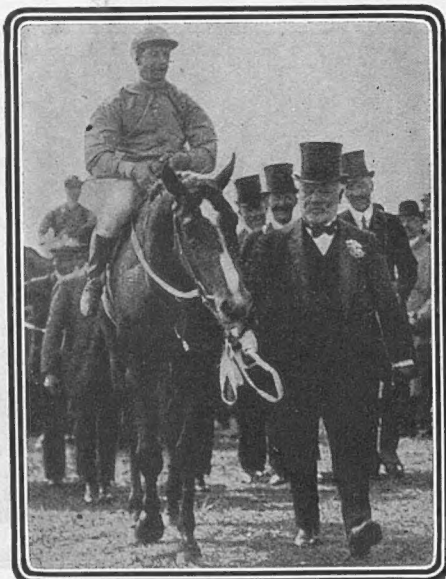
SECOND IN THE JUMPING COMPETITION: LIEUT. DAUFRESNE'S MISS, RIDDEN BY ITS OWNER, ONE OF THE BEST HORSEMEN IN BELGIUM.



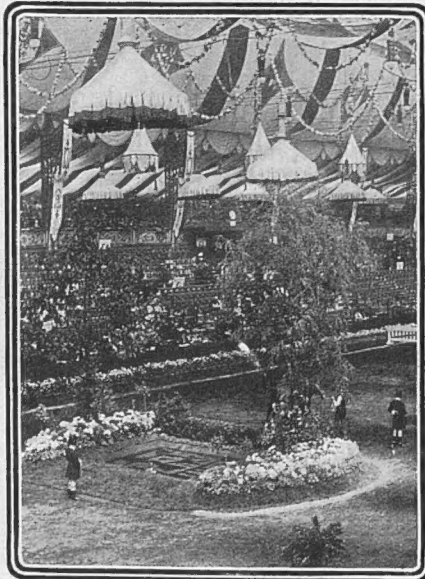
THE BIG SURPRISE WINNER OF THE OAKS: MR. J. B. JOEL'S GLASS DOLL.



A NOVELTY OF THE OLYMPIA SHOW: MR. STANSFIELD COLLIER'S BATTAK PONY, SULTAN.



THE SURPRISE WINNER OF THE DERBY: ORBY, LED IN BY MR. RICHARD CROKER (J. REIFF UP).

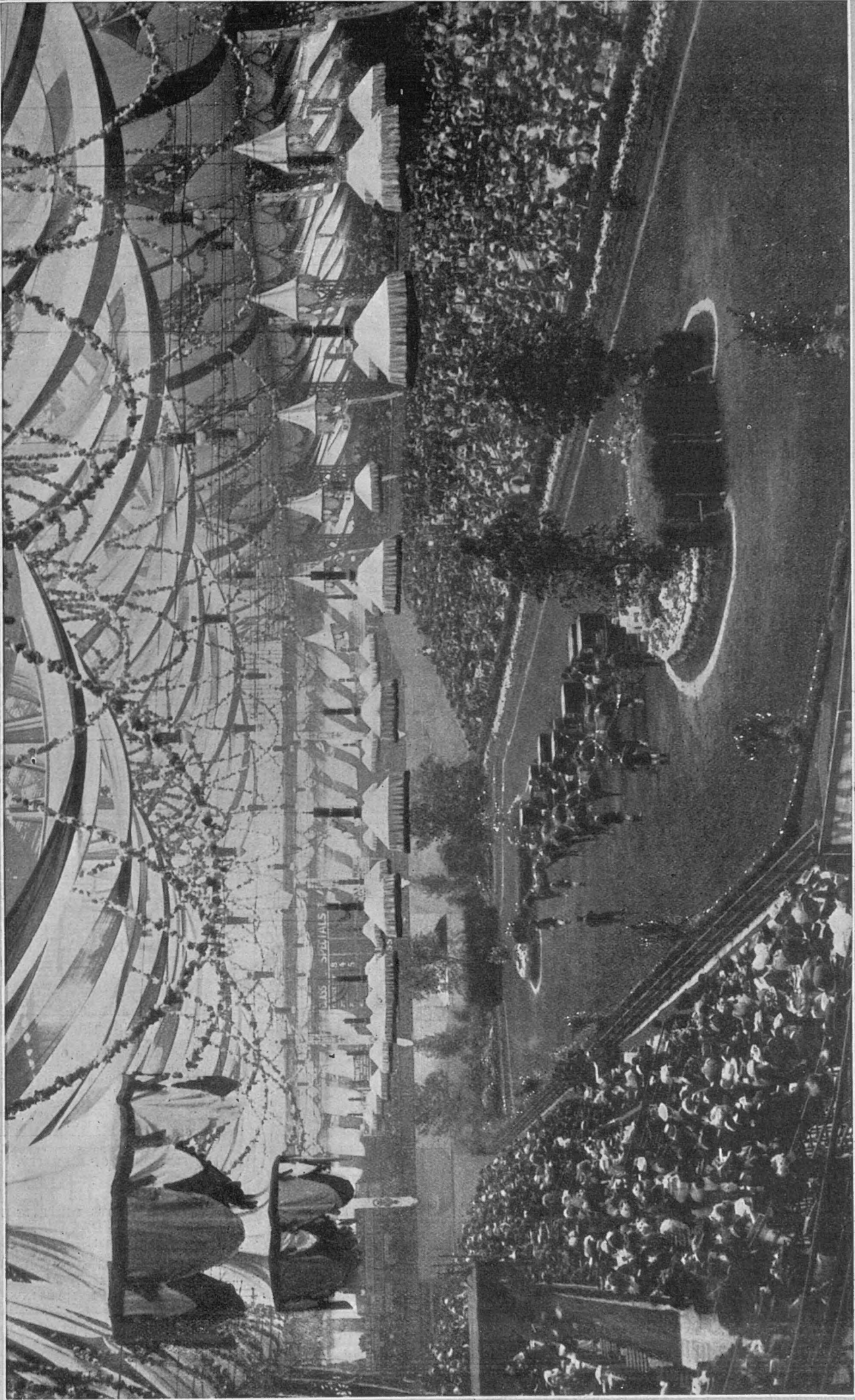


AN UNUSUALLY DECORATIVE JUMP: THE ELABORATE WATER-JUMP AT THE OLYMPIA SHOW.



FLOWER-DECKED STALLS FOR COMPETITORS AT OLYMPIA—THE ELABORATE STALLS FOR MR. WINAN'S ENTRIES.

HALF A MILLION IN HORSES ON EXHIBITION: THE GREAT SHOW AT OLYMPIA.



FASHIONABLE LONDON'S INTEREST IN THE HORSE: THE "LANDSCAPE GARDEN" ARENA DURING THE JUDGING OF THE MARES AND GELDINGS.

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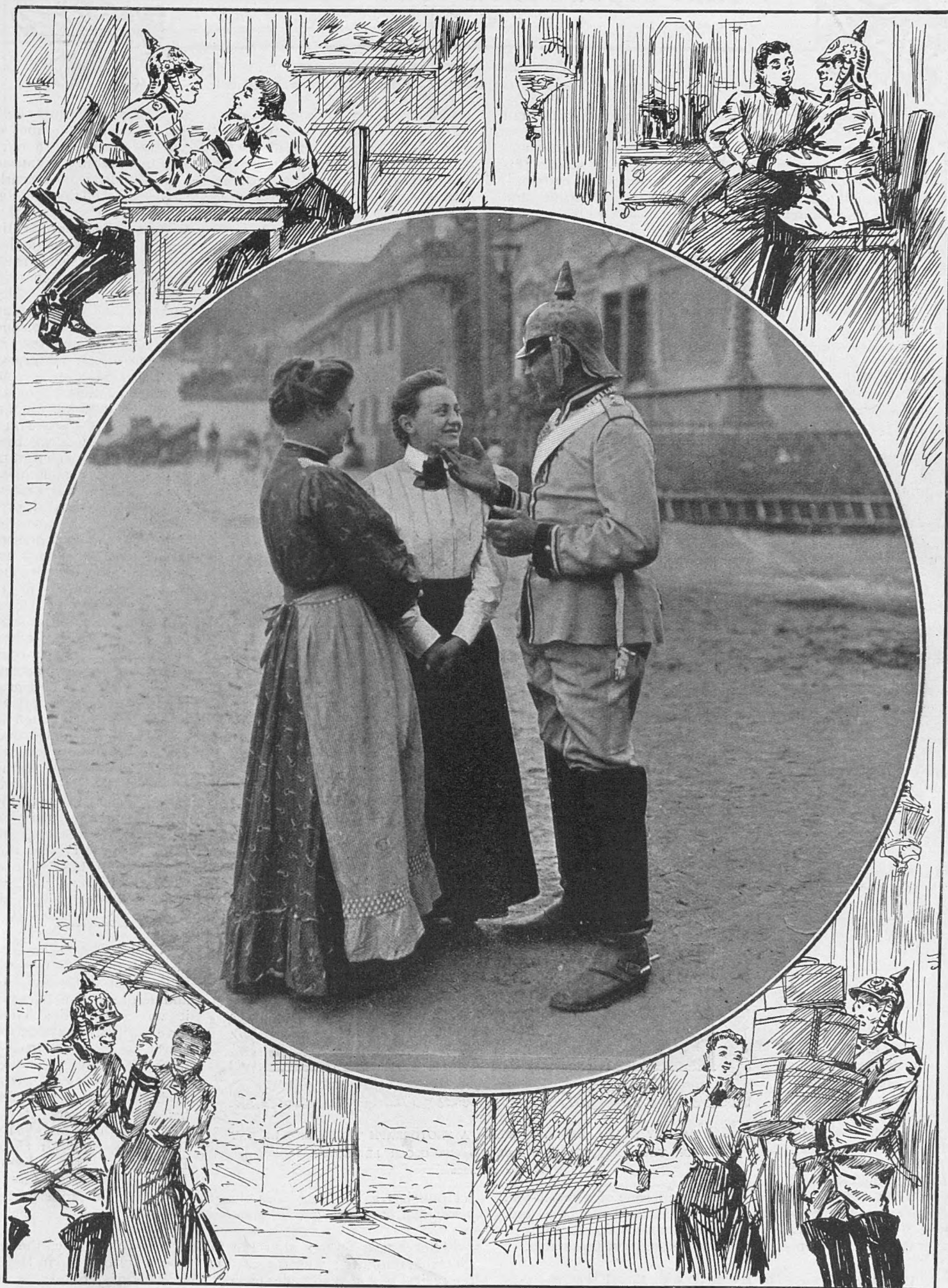
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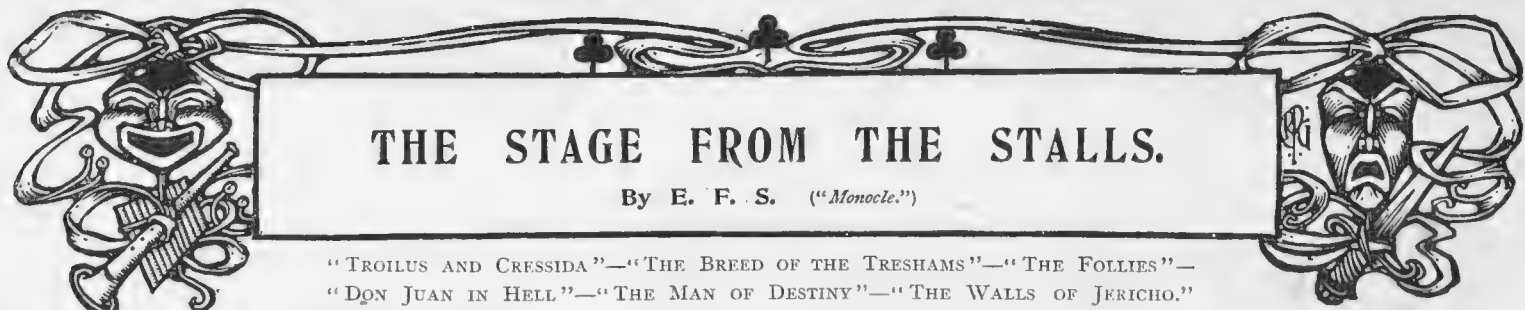
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A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE—GERMAN—ARMY.



A PONDEROUS FLIRTATION.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press Agency.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA"—"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS"—"THE FOLLIES"—
"DON JUAN IN HELL"—"THE MAN OF DESTINY"—"THE WALLS OF JERICHO."

ONLY six "shows" for the underworked dramatic critic, and of the six only one of much importance. As regards most of them a brief chronicle obviously is enough. Mr. Fry and Miss Olive Kennet have begun another Shakespearian season, this time at the Great Queen Street Theatre. "Costumes and curtains" is their motto, and the critic, rather surfeited with Shakespeare and stage scenery, is glad enough to have the dramatist with an undistracting background. Unfortunately, "Troilus and Cressida" is not a play for the simple stage, if for any. It was a thing to have seen, not to see; and the worthy effort to produce a British matron version of the strange, coarse drama with flashes of beautiful rhetoric fell a little flat. Yet there was some competent acting, notably that of Mr. Guy Cooper, who spoke the prologue superbly; Mr. Arthur Broughton, an excellent, if too youthful, Ulysses; Mr. Patrick Muir, an impressive Hector; and Mr. Lewis Casson, who had some excellent moments as Troilus.

Mr. Martin Harvey has begun his season with "The Breed of the Treshams," of which, of course, there is nothing new to be said. Even a lively specimen of romantic drama like this leaves naught to be discovered on a second hearing. One matter to be put on record is that Mr. Martin Harvey is in excellent form, and his reception showed so great a popularity that he may well attempt novelties with a chance of success. Although Mr. Rutherford's play is an excellent specimen of its class, it seems a pity that an actor of such ability should not begin his season with something rather more ambitious.

The Follies started a new campaign at the Royalty on Monday, and had an audience which proved that these really clever people have "caught on." Their programme contained some novel details, and a great deal of it was thoroughly entertaining. The burlesque of "Peter Pan" and "Raffles" is the weakest part, and it would be well if the strongest—which is a truly comic burlesque of a music-hall entertainment—were put in the middle instead of at the end. However, Mr. Pellissier and his clever comrades seem to think it important that the last impression should be the most favourable.

Fancy the state of mind of the critic who found that the next entertainment to "The Follies" and "The Breed of the Treshams" consisted of three hours of Shaw at the Court Theatre, provided by "Don Juan in Hell" and "The Man of Destiny," with only one entr'acte during the afternoon. It was a wicked programme, a kind of fiendish practical joke; yet I hardly complain. If there had only been a couple of intervals during the first piece, and we had been allowed to smoke, the costume-lecture on theology

would have been delightful. As it was, although getting nearly frantic with a desire to stretch my legs, and sadly conscious of the fact that precious bits of my os coccyx were being worn off, I quite enjoyed the hour and three quarters of discussion. It appears that respectable people were horrified by the frivolous remarks concerning hell, and that the prudish were shocked by the discussion about the life-force—so horrified and shocked that they failed to discover that the mouthpieces of the author were uttering some really profound thoughts in vivid language. Of course, "Don Juan in Hell" is not a play, but merely a kind of costume quartet-lecture uttered by characters finely picturesque in appearance. To me, although by trade a dramatic critic, the question whether a thing on the stage is a play or is not is of little importance, provided it is full of ideas and living thoughts, and I am glad to see the stage invaded, even if the attack be clumsy in form, by bold and original theories of life, which are none the less attractive because they happen to be accompanied by daring, impudent humours, some strangely obvious, others audaciously subtle. Mr. Robert Loraine accomplished a remarkable feat of memory with a surprising air of facility, although as Don Juan he gave little suggestion of character. Mr. Norman McKinnel made a memorable figure of the Devil and spoke superbly. Mr. Sherbrooke was very funny as the Statue, and Miss Lillah McCarthy was delightful to look upon as the youthful Dona Ana, and quite thrilling as the old woman.

Concerning "The Man of Destiny," I find myself in the camp of the majority, and felt very thankful when it was over. Few could have written anything so clever and injudicious—a work with brains enough for half-a-dozen three-deckers, yet tiresome long before it was over. It was well enough acted by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Mr. Trevor Lowe, and Mr. de Lange,

yet one has a sneaking idea that there is a little more in the parts than they got out of them.

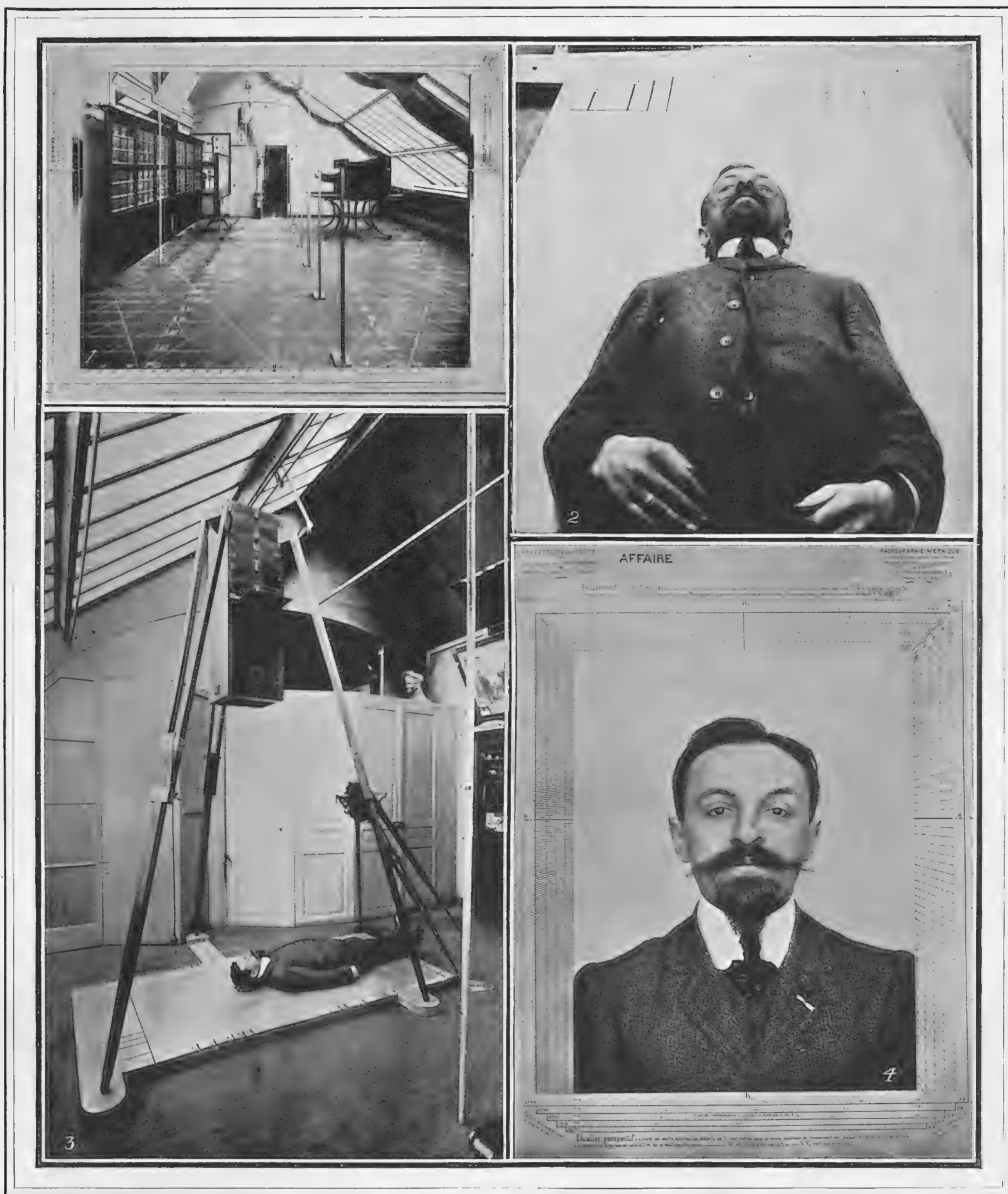
After Shaw, Sutro; after the impudent revolutionary, the respectable reformer; after the chaotic, brilliant "Don Juan in Hell," the revival of the well-made piece "The Walls of Jericho," in the opinion of the majority a vastly finer work, that has already won a fortune, and, judging by its reception, that is likely to run through the season. The play has the advantage of the presence in its cast of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, of Mr. Bouchier, and Mr. Valentine, who took part in the first long run. The new-comers—Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Cyril Keightley, Miss Pamela Gaythorne, and others—replaced some of the original performers quite satisfactorily.



MISS EDNA MAY IN HER WEDDING-DRESS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE DAY OF THE "BELLE'S" MARRIAGE TO MR. OSCAR LEWISOHN.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE CAMERA AS ASSISTANT TO SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE FAMOUS BERTILLON SYSTEM IN A NEW FORM.



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Photograph No. 1 supplied by the Topical Press; others supplied by Underwood and Underwood.

SMALL TALK



A FAITHFUL PATRONESS OF GRAND OPERA: LILIAN, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

her great pleasures, and, thanks to motors, she is able to appear in her box very frequently. Her little boy, who will probably become in due course one of the wealthiest of British commoners, shares his mother's taste for music and the country. He is one of the few Beresfords of his generation, and is devoted to his brilliant uncles, Lord Marcus and Lord Charles.

The Hon Mrs. Feilden.

Among the brides of 1907 the young married daughter of Lord and Lady Dunedin is likely to be distinguished this season for her social gifts, for she is the niece of Mrs. George Keppel, and the daughter of a man who in his young days had the reputation of being the wittiest advocate of the Scottish Bar. The youngest of three sisters, Miss Marjorie Graham Murray spent much of her youth in Edinburgh—the town whose ancient name provided the Lord Justice General with his title—and even as a child she was often seen bicycling about the broad streets of the Northern Athens with Mr. Graham Murray. The marriage of Miss Graham Murray to Captain E. L. C. Feilden, the second son of the well-known Scottish Baronet of that name, took place in Edinburgh last

February. Mrs. Feilden's only brother is married to the daughter of Sir David Baird.

Yesterday's Wedding.

The most important of early June weddings was that celebrated yesterday, when Lord Guernsey, future Earl of Aylesford, married Miss Gladys Fellowes, the second of Lord de Ramsey's four pretty daughters. The new Lady Guernsey was

one of the most faithful patronesses of Grand Opera is the brilliant American lady who is known as Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, though her marriage to the late Duke lasted only a comparatively short time, and though she is now the widow of Lord William Beresford. The Duchess, like so many American women, has great social gifts, and there are many who regret that since the death of Lord William she has lived a retired life at the Deepdene, Dorking.

A Future Peeress. The Hon. Mrs. Coulson Fellowes has just had a little daughter whose chance of

securing royal godparents is considerable,



A FUTURE PEERESS: THE HON. MRS. COULSON FELLOWES.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

for Lord and Lady de Ramsey have long been honoured with their Majesties' friendship. One of the new baby's aunts, pretty Mrs. Ferdinand Stanley, is a goddaughter and namesake of the Queen. The marriage of Lord de Ramsey's eldest son to Miss Dorothy Jefferson was one of the great social events of last July, and Mrs. Coulson Fellowes at once took her place among the smart Windsor hostesses, for she and her husband occupied Queen Anne's Mead all the summer.

The New Chief of the General Staff.

General Sir William Nicholson, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Neville Lyttelton as Chief of the General Staff, is one of "Bobs's" men. He is a Sapper, and is one of the

most intellectual officers ever trained in that most intellectual corps. He is a fine, tall, but not handsome man, though his face is one which wins confidence, while his charm of manner amounts really to personal magnetism. In India and also in South Africa, where he was Lord Roberts's military secretary, he became famous as a master *raconteur*. At the same time, he is a voracious worker, possessing Mr. Gladstone's wonderful gift of utilising every moment of spare time. He is an astonishingly early riser, doing most of his work in the "wee sma' hours."

A Society Sportswoman.

Lady Nicholson, who was a Miss Dillon, is of mingled French and Irish descent. Tall and of fair complexion, with dark eyes and hair, she is equally fond of Society and of sport. She is the happy possessor of some marvellous old lace, including some unique Brussels point, which once



LADY GUERNSEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



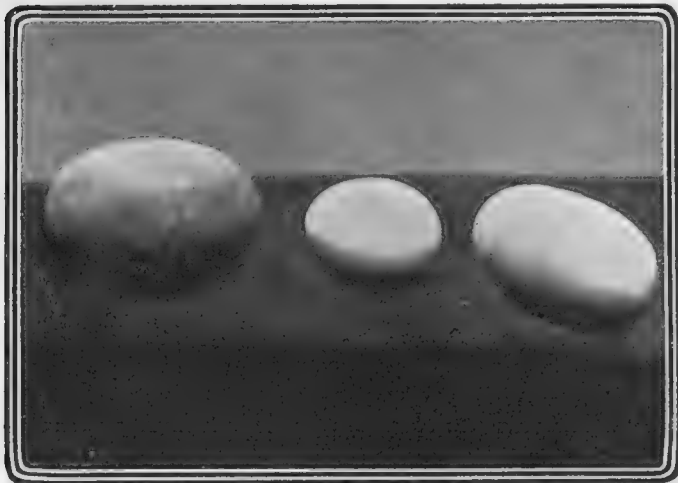
LORD GUERNSEY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

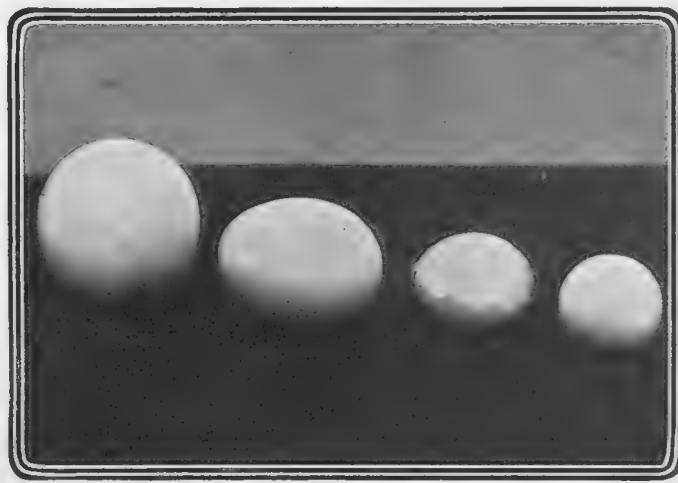
one of the loveliest débutantes of 1903; she belongs to the musical section of Society, and this has made her a special favourite with the Queen, for her Majesty, as all the world knows, is not only devoted to music, but is herself a very fine pianist.

belonged to the ill-fated Empress Josephine. When she was in India, she owned several excellent trotting-horses, and she was so fond of rifle-shooting and golf that she started a ladies' club for the promotion of these two sports.

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



NOT "BREAKFAST EGGS": THE EGGS OF THE INDIAN PYTHON, THE HEN (FOR COMPARISON), AND THE CROCODILE.



THE EGGS OF THE ELEPHANTINE TORTOISE, THE HEN, THE ALGERIAN TORTOISE, AND THE ALLIGATOR TERRAPIN.

Photographs by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.



A PICTURE THAT HAS BEEN SAID TO BE THE LONGEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD: A PAINTING 50 FEET LONG.

It has been said that the painting illustrated is the longest picture in the world, panoramas and stage-scenes being, of course, excepted. As a matter of fact, the boast is a vain one, but certainly the canvas is of remarkable length.



RAVENS AS DWELLING-PLACES FOR THE SOULS OF DEAD KINGS.

The natives of Hawaii believe that the souls of their dead kings live in the bodies of ravens, and thus every Hawaiian respects the bird. But a week or two ago, Queen Liliuokalani, who ascended the throne in 1891 and was deposed two years later, said that she firmly believed that when she died her soul would enter the body of a raven—she hoped a British bird.



A HAUNTED BRITISH EMBASSY: OUR AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE AT THE HAGUE.

The British Embassy at The Hague is said to be haunted, the spook responsible being the shade of one Mme. von Assendelft, who lived in the house and was put to death by drowning in 1540. It is said that the occupants of one of the rooms were so troubled by "vivid nightmares" that the apartment has been turned into a box-room.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.



WIFE OF THE NEW FIRST SECRETARY
AT THE BRITISH LEGATION AT THE
HAGUE: LADY ACTON.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Invitations to a Court ball are always sought for more eagerly than are those to a royal garden party, or even a Court concert. Only two thousand persons are invited, and the list is carefully scanned both by the King and Queen before being returned to the Lord Chamberlain, who actually issues the invitations. The most beautiful feature of a State Ball is the procession, which, headed by their Majesties, includes all the great officers of their Households, as well as the members of the suites of those foreign royalties present. The proceedings in the ball-room open with a quadrille, in which to-night the two Kings and two Queens will take part. Owing to the limited number of invitations issued, and—perhaps it may be whispered—to the age of a great number of those present, the royal ball-room is never in the least crowded, and the lovely gowns worn by the ladies, and the splendid orders which are *de rigueur* for the men present, are seen to great advantage.

Lady Acton. Lady Acton, whose husband was recently promoted to be First Secretary at the British Legation at The Hague, is admirably fitted to be a great diplomatist's wife. *Née* Miss Dorothy Lyon, she is a daughter of the popular squire so long "Father" of the Tarporley Hunt, and she was educated in a far more thorough manner than is usual, even in these days of the higher education of women. As if in prevision of her future life, special attention was paid to Miss Lyon's linguistic accomplishment, and she has an exceptional knowledge of French, which remains the official language of diplomacy. Lord Acton, like his famous father, is a convinced Roman Catholic, and his wedding was one of the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed at the Brompton Oratory. Lady Acton has spent a good deal of her married life abroad, for her husband has been attached successively to the Berne Legation, to the Madrid Embassy, and he now belongs to the brilliant diplomatic circle gracing the Court of Queen Wilhelmina.

A Royal Bride Elect. The coming marriage of Princess

Louise of Orleans to the brother-in-law of the King of Spain will bring a charming and most accomplished Princess to the Court of Madrid. Princess Louise is the youngest daughter of the Comtesse de Paris, and though not as beautiful as her sister, the Duchess of Aosta, she is quite as clever and agreeable, and, like the latter, speaks

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIER

THE State Ball that is to take place at Buckingham Palace to-night (12th) is the first given at our Court for two years, and as it is being held in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark it will probably

count as among the most magnificent functions of the present reign. For some reason difficult to explain, in-

English as if it were her native language. Princess Louise is five-and-twenty—that is, considerably older than were any of her sisters at the time of their weddings. She was a friend and contemporary of the Princess

of Asturias, whose death cast so deep a gloom over the Spanish Court, and she is therefore already well acquainted with her

future step-children. The marriage of Princess Louise will take place next autumn, at Wood Norton, the Duke of Orleans' splendid estate, and a great gathering of royal personages will grace the ceremony—indeed, it is hinted that the nuptials of his sister will be marked by a further reconciliation between the Duke of Orleans and our royal family. Princess Louise spent much of her childhood at Stowe, the palatial house which has just been purchased by the Baron de Forest.

Orchids All the Way.

Major Holford, whose wonderful orchids were the feature of the Temple Flower Show this year, winning him, in addition to ordinary prizes, the Veitchian Cup for the best exhibit in the show, is perhaps the most popular bachelor in the great world. In addition to his delightful country-house, Westonbirt, he is owner of that imposing mansion, Dorchester House, but, save on one memorable occasion, when he gave a ball at which their Majesties were present, he has never cared to join the great hosts of Society. Major Holford, who shares the Christian name of the Prince of Wales, has been long connected with the Court. He was Equerry and intimate friend of the late Duke of Clarence, and very soon after the latter's death he was given an

appointment in the Household of the then Duke of York. The owner of a magnificent collection of art treasures, Major Holford has very good taste, and both his houses are full of beautiful things. He has long been an orchid enthusiast.

Thieves in the Palace. The German Emperor, who is about

to publish a volume of sketches and drawings, will be well advised to keep a closer watch upon his treasure than was kept upon a series done by his grandmother and the Prince Consort. Here was a series of pictures by the royal hands illustrative of the most private scenes of their life. Some rascal of a workman in Windsor Castle got hold of copies and sold them to a publisher. The latter prepared to reap a harvest from his bargain. Without consulting the royal artists he proposed to exhibit his treasures in a public gallery. The Sovereign, constitutionally, is superior to the law, but

it was to the law that the Queen and her Consort had to appeal. The Prince Consort was the plaintiff in the action, and succeeded in gaining an injunction.



EQUERRY TO THE KING AND EXHIBITOR
OF ORCHIDS: MAJOR GEORGE L.
HOLFORD.

Photograph by Thomson.



"THE HANDSOMEST DUCAL FAMILY IN GERMANY": DUKE WILLIAM OF URACH,
THE DUCHESS, AND MEMBERS OF THEIR HOUSE.

According to several German papers, the Kaiser remarked to Duke William of Urach the other day that he ought to consider himself a lucky fellow, because he had "one of the prettiest wives, and certainly the best-looking family of children of any Prince in the Fatherland." It need hardly be said that the statement has aroused controversy among other Princes. There are shown in the photograph reproduced above (from left to right) Princess Carola Hilda, Princess Marguerite, the Duchess of Urach, Duke William of Urach, Prince Albrecht Eberhard, Prince William Albert, Princess Marie Gabrielle, Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Charles. The Duchess of Urach is the eldest daughter of Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria, the celebrated oculist.

WHERE THE WORLD'S FOOD IS CORNERED.



THE WHEAT PIT, CHICAGO.

One of the best descriptions of the Wheat Pit at Chicago, which has been the scene of many attempts to corner the world's food-supply, is given in Frank Norris's "The Pit." We have space to quote only a few lines: "The centre of the floor was occupied by the pits. To the left and to the front of Landry the Provision Pit, to the right the Corn Pit, while further on, at the north extremity of the floor, and nearly under the visitors' gallery, much larger than the other two, and flanked by the wicket of the official recorder, was the Wheat Pit itself. . . . He stood in his accustomed place on the north side of the Wheat Pit, upon the topmost stair. The Pit was full. Below him and on either side of him were the brokers, scalpers, and traders. . . . Little by little the floor emptied. Swept clean in the morning, the floor itself, seen now through the thinning groups, was littered from end to end with scattered grain—oats, wheat, corn and barley, with wisps of hay, peanut-shells, apple-parings, and orange-peel, with torn newspapers, odds and ends of memoranda, crushed paper darts, and, above all, with a countless multitude of yellow telegraph-forms, thousands upon thousands, crumpled and muddled under the trampling of innumerable feet."

Photograph supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Too Literal. Lady Maud Rolleston has been telling a meeting at Nottingham that if working women could only undergo the "rest cure," they would not give way to drunkenness. She calls, therefore, for charwomen to go to the houses of the tired tipplers temporarily to relieve them of their housework. It is greatly to be feared that success could only be attained if the charwomen were invited to undertake the drinking. The average woman does not understand service of the sort which Lady Maud means. A friend of the writer had much experience of women in need of guidance. One complained that her neighbours made a dead set against her because, as she put it, she was a "better living" woman than themselves. Influenza descended upon the street, and only the immaculate one escaped. All the enemy were stricken with the malady one afternoon when her spiritual counsellor called. "Ah," he said, when she told him how matters were with her prostrate neighbours. "Here is a chance for you to help them. You can now heap coals of fire on their heads." She sighed. "That's all very well, Sir, but coals is fifteenpence a hunderd now," she answered sadly.

Art for Art's Sake. The question whether an artiste from the halls playing the rôle of Lady Godiva at Coventry shall be well and truly clad for the occasion, or shiver in fleshings and transparent gauze, leads Father Ignatius to declare that if living statuary be art, he, as a Christian, must take art by the throat and pull a razor across it. A man of greater account than Father Ignatius was just as angry over the "Art for Art's sake" cry. It was Tennyson, and when critics of this school assailed him he retorted in this fiery epigram—

Art for Art's sake! Hail, truest
Lord of Hell!
Hail, Genius, Master of the
Moral Will!
"The filthiest of all paintings
painted well
Is mightier than the purest
painted ill."
Yes, mightier than the purest
painted well,
So prone are we toward the
broad way to Hell.

Not Art for Art's sake,
he said; but Art for Art—
and Man's sake.

Breaking It Gently. Thirty thousand pounds have been paid in lawyers' fees for the Thaw trial. There are more to follow, for



OF USE AFTER, BEFORE, AND DURING DINNER: THE WAY TO REMOVE A TIGHT GLASS STOPPER.

If the stopper sticks, cut a length of flannel, heat it, wrap it round the neck of the decanter, and then pull it backwards and forwards. The heat of the flannel itself, and the heat caused by the friction will make the glass neck expand, and thus enable the stopper to be removed with ease.



A FORERUNNER OF THE MOTOR-MASK! A PAINTED GOLD FACE-MASK—ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE INCAS.

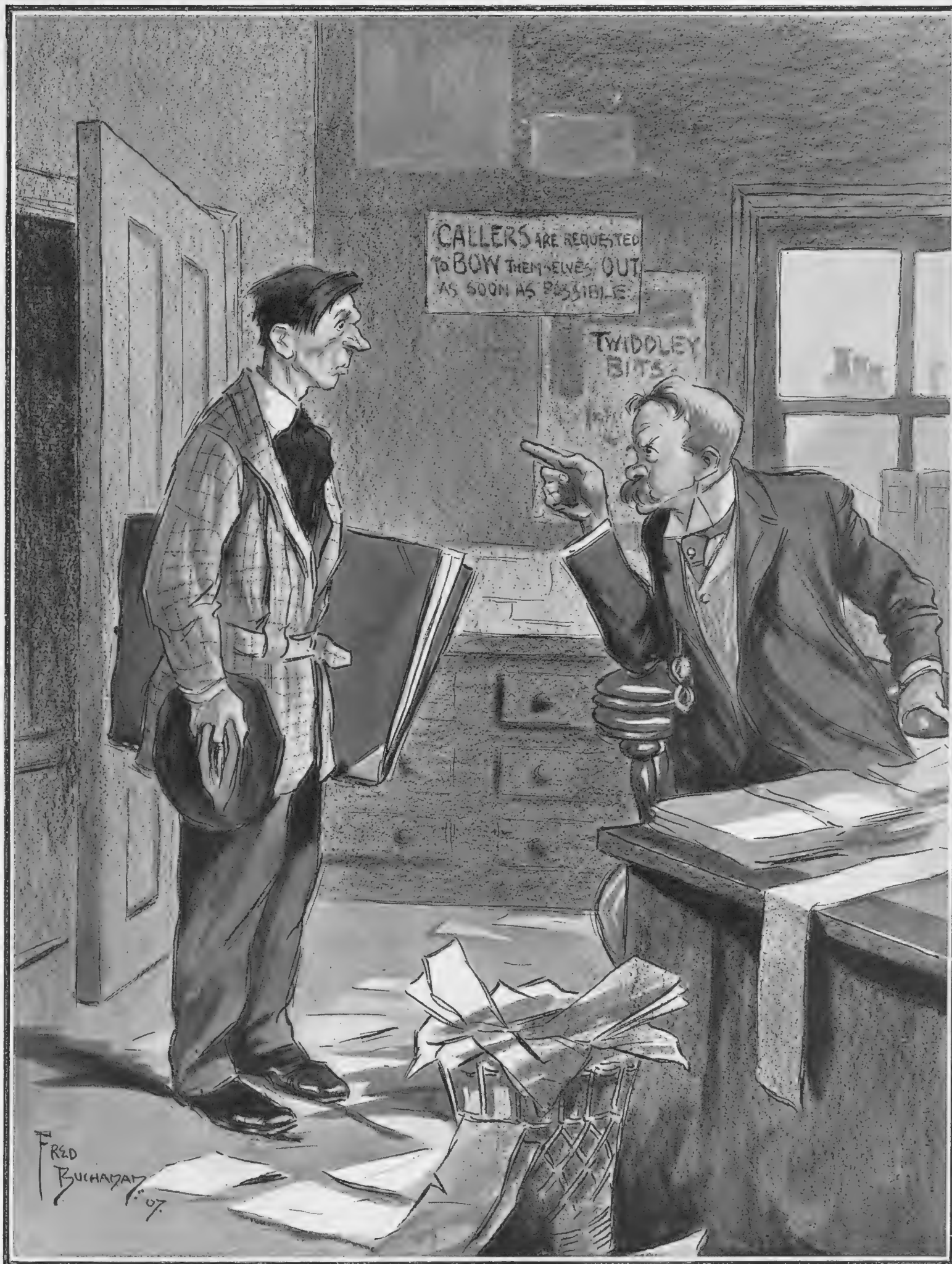
Given by Princess Thérèse of Bavaria to the Bavarian Government.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.

the case is to be re-tried. After the tall talk which we have heard, the parties concerned could scarcely have expected to escape at less cost. For guidance as to future possibilities, they may be reminded of the way in which Mr. Evarts put it to Lord Coleridge when the latter asked a question upon fees in America. "The retaining fee may be anything from £10 to £5000," the American said, "and that fee is simply what it professes to be—a retainer, and nothing more. The rest is paid for as the work progresses, and according to what is done." "Do your clients like that?" asked the Englishman. "Not a bit, my Lord," was the answer. "not a bit. They generally say, 'I guess, Mr. Evarts, I should like to know how deep down I shall have to go into my breeches-pocket to see this business through.'" The answer was a masterpiece of diplomacy. "I have invented a formula," said Evarts, in explaining it. "I find it works very well. I say, 'Sir, or 'Madam,' as the case may be, 'I cannot undertake to say how many judicial errors I shall be called upon to correct before I obtain for you final justice.'"

Friends as Foes. Are the Chinese rebels all Chinese? one wonders. The Taipings were not. Gordon had to fight not only Chinese, who believed that their mission was divinely inspired; he had to fight also men who fought for the pocket's sake. There were Europeans and Americans among the cut-throat fanatics whom he undertook to subjugate. Burgoine, who had commanded the Ever Victorious Army which, made up of foreigners and Imperial troops, first attempted to stay the rebellion, when Gordon was appointed to supersede him, went over with his American officers to the enemy, and fought for the savages whom they had first set out to exterminate. Gordon had to beat them as well as the Chinese. Nor was this the unkindest cut. Among those who battled against him at Taitsan were two men who had served with him in the 31st Regiment. One was killed by a shell; the other, a man named Hargreaves, was taken prisoner. "Mr. Gordon! Mr. Gordon! you will not let me be killed!" he cried, as they led him away. "Take him down to the river and shoot him!" cried Gordon. But he added, in an undertone: "Put him in my boat, let the doctor attend him, and send him down to Shanghai." The traitor outlived his saviour.

USURPING THE EDITORIAL PREROGATIVE?



EDITOR (to caller, who has been airing his views): Look here, are you the editor of this paper?

CALLER: No, no, certainly not.

EDITOR: Very well, then, don't stand there and talk like a fool!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THERE is a delightful sequel to the story told three or four weeks ago on this page of Miss Marie Illington's first professional introduction to a revolver, which, in spite of the proverb that "lightning does not strike twice in the same place," shows how two accidents can happen to an actress on the same evening. In dressing for her part, Cassie, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

Miss Illington wore white stockings with bright red bands round them, as was the fashion of the time in the United States. In the play which followed she had to play the ingénue, in which she wore the traditional white muslin frock of innocence. There was only a short interval between the plays, and as she had to dress hurriedly, she forgot to change the stockings with the red bands. The situation at the end of the first act was that her father (in the play) was murdered, and she had to discover him and fall fainting on the stage. By an unlucky coincidence, just as she had never previously had to fire a pistol, so she had never had to fall on the stage before that evening. She did

man looked at her stolidly. "The next time you have to fall," he replied quietly, "I should advise you not to wear white stockings with red bands," and he went on his way to the orchestra.

The last great celebration of half-a-century's work on the stage was a rejoicing. The next, which takes place on Thursday, at the St. James's Theatre, is to be a farewell, and will mark the retirement of Miss Fanny Coleman from the active pursuit of the art in which she has been so conspicuous a mistress. How great a change has come over the habits of the playgoing public may be judged from the fact that when Miss Coleman first made her appearance in "The Unequal Match," at the Haymarket, in a part of one line, "the curtain," as she says, "always went up at seven o'clock—the company were supposed to be in the theatre at six—and it did not come down until midnight. The programme would begin with a farce, which might be followed by a five-act play, and after that would come the ballet, and sometimes after that another farce."

Very early in her career Miss Coleman was one of the company who went down to Windsor to take part in a command performance before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. During the evening she found a little hole in the curtain, and through it she got a surreptitious view of the members of the royal family, to the delight of which, even in these later days, she still refers with characteristic pleasure.

Mr. Austin Melford, who goes, with easy versatility, from one kind of success to another, has had some amusing experiences in the course of a career which has veered from comic old women in pantomime to intense melodrama, even tragedy. On one occasion he was playing in a transpentine melodrama full of thrilling situations and luridly wicked characters. In one scene representing the borders of a stream, the villain had to make his appearance carrying a "chee-ild," which he had been offered three hundred pounds to destroy. He accordingly threw the child into the water. Presently, however, a distant barking was heard, which came nearer and nearer, and then a dog dashed into the stream and rescued the child, which it deposited on the stage, to the inevitable accompaniment of great applause from the excited audience as the curtain fell on the act, when a scene took place which the audience did not see. In order that the dog might seize the bundle representing the child, a piece of meat was sewn up in the baby's clothes, and with this the animal was rewarded every night. One evening, however, the curtain stuck, and the audience was treated to the spectacle of the dog apparently devouring with the greatest relish the child it had just saved from a watery grave.



A FAMOUS PATTTER COMEDIAN IN PRIVATE LIFE:

MR. R. G. KNOWLES.

(SEE PAGE 9 OF SUPPLEMENT.)

Photograph by Cavendish Morton.

not know how to fall, and she had not tried, expecting or hoping that she would be able to do so under the inspiration of the moment. She was very young on the stage, and she had no doubt heard of the wonderful things people are supposed to be able to do under the influence of the inspiration of the moment, though, as a matter of fact, most "inspiration" is the result of constant rehearsal. When she rushed on the stage to find her father dead she contemplated with horror the idea of falling. Instead of screaming at once and falling, she did everything she could think of to postpone the terrible moment. She rushed first from one side of the stage to the other to look for restoratives; she bade someone fetch eau-de-Cologne; she bent over the prostrate body of the old gentleman and called on him to speak to her. In fact, she gagged for all she was worth. The curtain, however, had to come down, and in order that it might do so she had to faint and fall. In despair she turned three times round, and then, instead of falling forwards on her face or side, she attempted the most difficult of all stage falls, and fell flat on her back. As everyone knows, it is difficult to maintain one's equipoise under such circumstances. As soon as the head goes down the feet go up. So it happened with Miss Illington. Not only did her feet go up, but when they came down again her white dress was up to her knees, and there, exposed to the view of the audience, were "Cassie's" white stockings with the red bands. For the second time that evening the audience roared with delight at the actress's discomfiture. The stage-manager scowled as she passed, but with great self-control said nothing. Just at that moment, a member of the orchestra whom she knew happened to be passing across the stage. Miss Illington went up to him. "Did—did—could you see my legs when I fell?" she gasped rather than asked. The



A REMARKABLE FAMILY LIKENESS!

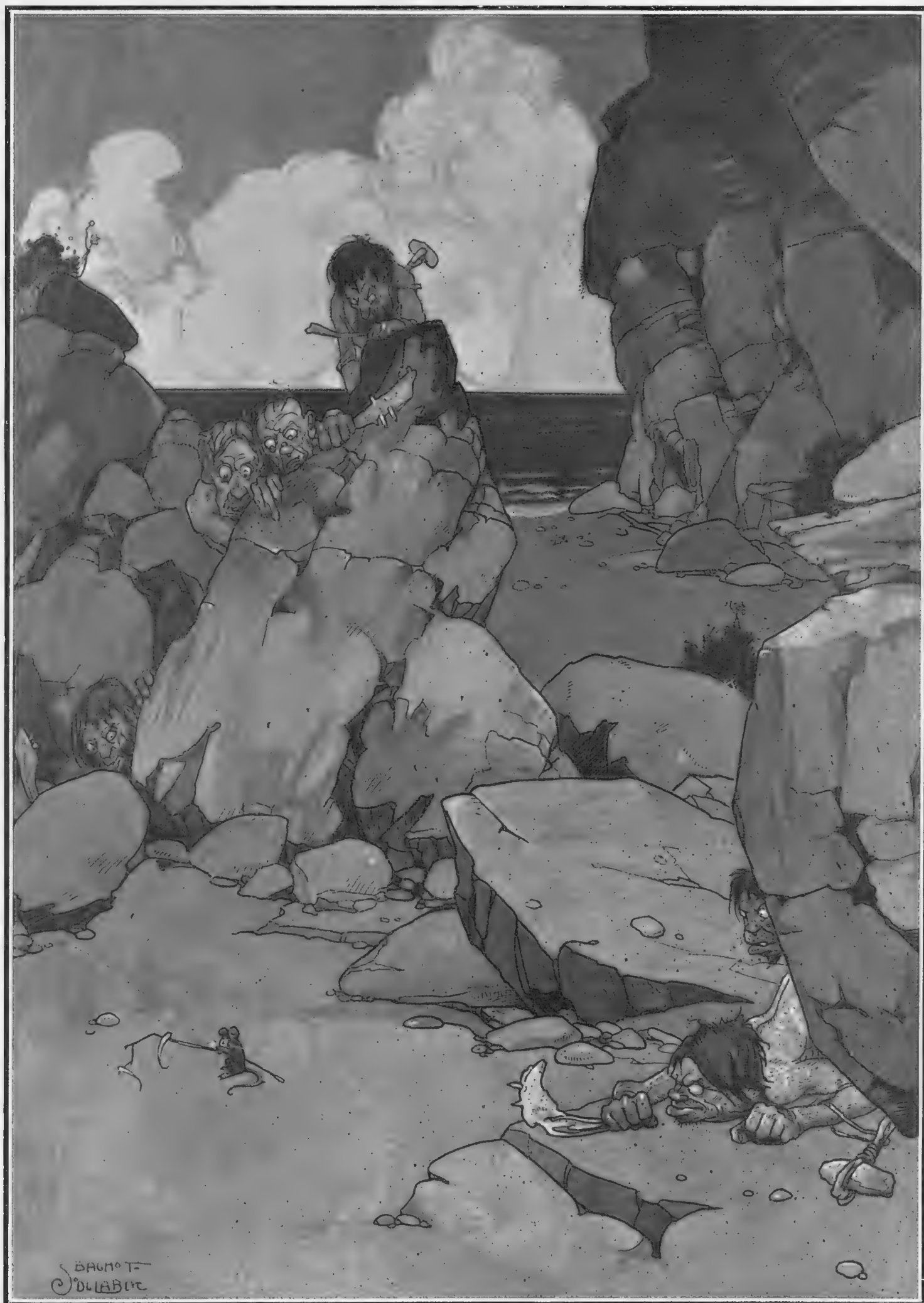
MR. FRED WRIGHT JUN. AND HIS SON.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

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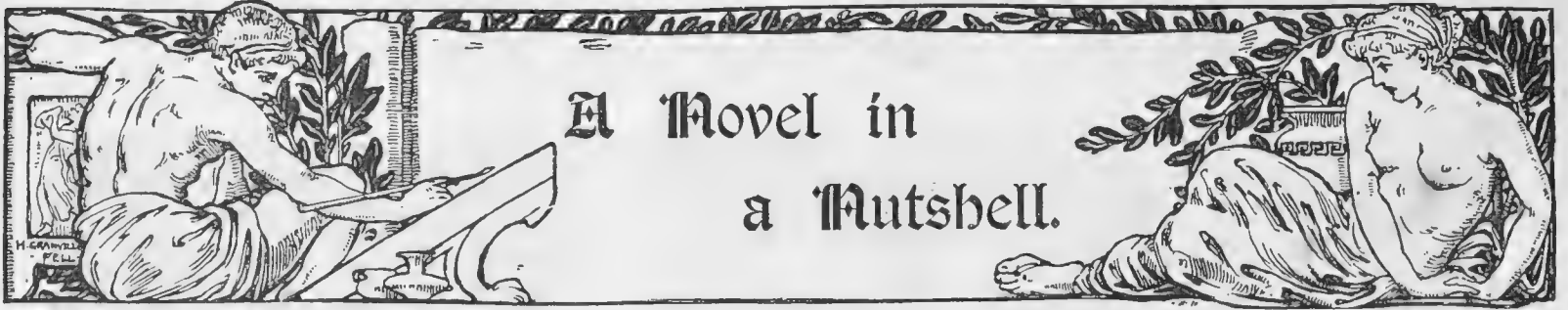
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ALL FOR ONE; AND ONE FOR ALL.



FAMINE: THE MENU.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERR.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

A FORGOTTEN EPISODE.

BY THOMAS COBB.

IT proved a never-failing wonderment to Sarah Ann, when she went through the process which she described as "doing Mr. Quinton Wayland's room" (he always insisted on the use of his full name), to see the numerous photographs on the mantel-shelf, on the painted deal chest of drawers and the looking-glass.

As each bore his signature in bold characters, Sarah Ann was driven to the conclusion that they were intended to represent himself at some earlier day. There was Mr. Quinton Wayland as Orlando, as Laertes, as Falkland; a tall, handsome man certainly, very unlike the lodger on the topmost storey of the house in Bloomsbury upon whose wants she (more or less) attended.

If, however, his features had become more pinched, the eyes more sunken, his skin more wrinkled, Sarah Ann could still recognise something of the same bombastic air. Mr. Quinton Wayland never had the chance of playing such parts to-day; he had, indeed, been out of an engagement for several months, and even his agent was beginning to treat him cavalierly.

For some weeks now he had lived the simpler life, having his cup of tea and two slices of dry toast in his bed-room, and, as he explained to Sarah Ann, preferring to obtain his other meals out of doors. This morning she brought up a letter on his tray, and he could scarcely control his impatience to open it until Sarah Ann had left the room. But it was not from the theatrical agent, and as Mr. Quinton Wayland read the few lines his thoughts went back to other and more prosperous days.

Twenty years must have passed since he last saw Digby Strong, who had at that time been regarded as certainly an inferior. Digby had almost worshipped him as a hero, for in those days Quinton's name had been quite well known; he had acted at the principal London theatres, and still he had an album filled with flattering Press cuttings. His memory concerning Digby proved a little hazy; but Quinton believed that he had gone abroad in connection with some kind of business. Now he wrote from the Savoy Hotel; he had lately returned to England, and at a club to which they used both to belong had by some means succeeded in discovering Wayland's address. Digby announced his intention of paying his old friend a visit at eleven o'clock this morning.

Quinton's face grew thoughtful as he munched his toast; he remembered how that Digby used to consider it an honour to be seen with him; how he, for his own part, used to lord it over the younger man—who now wrote from the Savoy Hotel. He rose from his cane-bottomed chair, and arranged the looking-glass so as to reflect as much as possible of his tall figure. He had fallen so low that his appearance made it impossible to secure an engagement, even if the opportunity had presented itself. His threadbare frock-coat was frayed at the edges, there were innumerable stains on the front of his waistcoat, whilst his thin, light-coloured trousers appeared to be beyond redemption. He might manage, perhaps, to buy a paper collar; he was always cleanly shaven; he realised that at fifty he looked an old man. Still, if he could only get a fresh start it might after all be possible to do something; only, unfortunately, no such prospect appeared possible. With a replenished wardrobe and a few square meals, anything might be practicable, but withal he was not the man to attempt to borrow, and now his predominant desire was to deceive Digby Strong; to take every precaution to prevent him from suspecting the reality of the present evil days.

He must certainly go out to buy a paper collar, he told himself, and then remembered that yesterday he had sent his only boots to be patched up. The cobbler had assured Sarah Ann that they should be returned by six o'clock this evening, and meantime Quinton possessed nothing but a pair of dilapidated red-felt bedroom slippers. Buttoning his frock-coat by the lowest button, he went downstairs, but instead of meeting Sarah Ann, as he hoped, he came face to face with his landlady.

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Simcox," he remarked, drawing his wide-shouldered figure erect, and thrusting one lean hand in his coat.

"Good-morning," she answered a little severely. If she had been a woman of a harsh disposition she would have got rid of Quinton Wayland weeks ago; she could have let his room again and again, and already he was rather deeply in her debt.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether you would allow your maid to—to make a small purchase for me."

"Really, Mr. Quinton Wayland," cried Mrs. Simcox, "I don't wish to be disobliging, but Sarah Ann can't leave her work at this time in the morning."

"No matter, dear lady, no matter," he said with a graceful wave of his right hand. "The fact is, I am expecting a visitor this morning—a gentleman who is staying at the Savoy. Now I should deprecate the necessity to receive him in my own apartment."

"For that matter," was the answer, "there won't be anybody in the dining-room before twelve."

"Thank you extremely," cried Quinton, greatly relieved. "That will be very convenient."

"There's one thing," said Mrs. Simcox, "that would be very convenient to me."

"My dear lady, if there is anything within my power——"

"Well, perhaps you will pay the last six weeks' rent and breakfasts."

"That, unfortunately, at the present moment is not within my power," said Quinton Wayland.

"Perhaps this friend of yours from the Savoy——"

She was frozen to silence by the austerity of his glance, as he drew himself still more erect and again thrust his hand in his coat.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "although I may be temporarily under a cloud, I am not lost to all sense of honour. If it is useless to deny that I am poor, I shall never cease to be proud."

"Well," Mrs. Simcox retorted, with a sniff, "I'm very sorry, but I must have your room by next Saturday."

"It shall be vacated by that day," said Quinton Wayland; and, bowing with what he would have described as old-fashioned courtesy, he turned slowly and made his way upstairs.

It was a terrible blow to him, and on reaching his room he sat down on the side of his unmade bed, resting his elbows on his knees, and covering his face with his hands. He realised with startling abruptness that when he left Mrs. Simcox's he would have no other place to go to; he told himself that this exodus would be the beginning of the end, that he was on the point of descending to an abyss from which it would be impossible ever to rise. Even in the depth of his despair he could scarcely refrain from striking an attitude; demeaning himself as if his troubles were merely histrionic, and there were an applauding audience beyond the window.

But time was passing; it would soon be eleven o'clock, and necessary to receive Digby Strong. Going to the washing-stand, he wetted his towel and tried to remove some of the stains from his waistcoat; then, taking off his collar, turned it before putting it on again. He posed for a few minutes in front of his looking-glass, advancing one leg and stamping the foot (in its incongruous red-felt slipper) on the bare boards.

"Mr. Quinton Wayland!"

It was Sarah Ann calling from a lower storey. A week or two ago, she would have taken the trouble to come to his door and knock, but he went to the landing and inquired what she wanted.

"A gentleman to see you," cried Sarah Ann.

"Is he in the dining-room?"

"In the 'all," was the loud answer.

"Take him to the dining-room and say I will come at once."

Still, however, Quinton Wayland waited a few moments, wondering what manner of man Digby had developed into. Then a temptation came to him. Could he bring himself to ask for a small loan? A few pounds might make all the difference in the world; it might, indeed, save Quinton Wayland from the work-house. Provided with a decent suit of clothes, such as could be

[Continued overleaf.]

A BURNING TOPIC.



EXUBERANT TRAVELLER: By Jove! your face seems familiar. Where in Hades have I met you?
UNRESPONSIVE "CHIEF": What part of Hades do you come from, Sir?

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.

obtained second-hand for a couple of pounds, he might present himself to the agent and perchance obtain some kind of engagement with a third-class provincial company. Quinton realised that he had been too exacting; a few months ago he had refused one or two offers which had seemed not good enough; but now even a pound a week in a pier pantomime would be better than nothing.

On the way downstairs, Quinton temporised with himself; he would wait to see the kind of man he was going to meet. At least Digby's manner proved satisfactorily cordial—after his first start of astonishment. He was a short man, growing stout, well dressed, wearing a diamond pin and carrying a new pair of drab gloves, whilst a glossy silk hat stood on the table. A Philistine, as he used to be, but obviously prosperous; he wore a moustache, waxed at the points, and a heavy watch-guard; his handkerchief was evidently scented; he looked as if he could enjoy such a dinner as they no doubt provided at the Savoy!

Quinton Wayland was at once overcome by a sense of antagonism. He felt bitterly towards his quondam friend, and his own manner became almost ludicrously exalted. He held himself aggressively erect, offering his finger-tips.

"Ah, dear boy!" he exclaimed, "we meet again after many years."

"By Jove, what a swell you used to be!" said Digby, with his hands on his hips; but then he seemed to check himself. "I suppose you are still," he added, flushing.

"Sit down, dear boy," answered Quinton, sinking gracefully into one of Mrs. Simcox's arm-chairs, leaning back and crossing his legs. As he looked at Digby, he felt he would rather face the workhouse than ask for the half-contemplated loan. "You will excuse my *déshabille*," he added, catching sight of his red slippers. "You caught me at a busy moment."

"Working up a new part?" asked Digby.

Quinton waved his hand and smiled oracularly.

"Recently," he explained, "I have been resting. One is not so young as one used to be."

"Then you—you haven't been doing much lately?" asked Digby, a little hesitatingly. A shrewd man of the world, he read the other as if he were an open book. He perceived that Quinton was half starved; he had, indeed, heard something of Wayland's circumstances before he determined to pay the present visit. Also, Digby understood the difficulty of offering help.

"Not much, dear boy; not a great deal. No great work in art is possible without a prolonged incubation. I choose this locality," Quinton added, "for purposes of observation. In a few days I shall be changing my address."

"I've often thought of you," said Digby, "and wondered how you were getting along. Do you remember some of the old nights—By Jove! how I used to envy you fellows. What a life it seemed."

"Ah, there's nothing like it—nothing," answered Quinton.

"Still, I suppose that as you get on in life engagements are rather more difficult to get?"

"One man in his time plays many parts, you understand," said Quinton Wayland. "One has to accommodate oneself to circumstances. Some, of course, may find it difficult."

He shrugged his shoulders as if he, for his own part, had no personal concern with such vicissitudes, but not for an instant was he under any misconception. Although he chose to assume an air of bravado, he knew that Digby was not to be deceived. Whilst Quinton had never more deliberately acted before any audience, he perfectly realised that his art was undisguised. He saw also that Digby was endeavouring to suppress a natural tendency to remark upon his evil days; Quinton more than half-suspected that his old acquaintance had been brought to the house by pity, by a desire to offer help which at all costs must be refused—even resented.

"Now, I don't believe for a minute you could guess why I have interrupted you this morning," said Digby, and his manner grew quite painfully embarrassed.

"Auld lang syne, dear boy," answered Quinton, on the alert to turn and rend his visitor if he ventured too far.

"Ah, yes, of course," continued Digby; "but the fact is, I hate to be in any man's debt."

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," cried Quinton.

"Ah, do you remember when you played *Laertes*?" said Digby. "One of your best parts, in my opinion."

"Well, well, perhaps it was, dear boy. It would have to be *Polonius* now," he added, with what was intended to be a "beautiful" smile.

"To tell you the truth," said Digby, "lending isn't much in my line—"

"Nor borrowing in mine, dear boy."

"No, no, of course not. Still, if I am not often generous, I like to be just, and that little sum has often been on my mind. I knew it wasn't of any importance to you, or naturally I should have sent it."

Quinton found it more difficult to maintain a tranquil demeanour. "Forgive me, my dear Strong," he said, "if I don't know what you're talking about."

"You were always careless with your cash," was the answer, and Digby's face was crimson. "You always flung it about as if you were Charles Surface. Besides, you used to be pretty flush in those days."

Quinton suppressed a sigh. It was true that he had earned a satisfactory income, although he could not remember having displayed such recklessness as Digby alluded to. A curious degree of hopefulness seemed to take possession of him, and he realised more strongly than ever that he was playing a part. Moreover, he could scarcely resist the conclusion that Digby Strong was playing one also, playing it very clumsily. If Strong had offered help it would have been indignantly rejected, but whilst Quinton began to believe that assistance would be forthcoming, his resentment was evaporating. It was as if they were both agreeing to make-believe.

"Well, well; one's day may not be quite over yet," said Quinton.

"Good heavens! no, I hope not," answered Digby. "Then," he added, "you don't seem to remember lending me that twenty pounds?"

Quinton leaned forward, with one elbow on his knee, his hand supporting his forehead, with a long finger extended over his hair.

"Twenty pounds!" he murmured.

"I was—well, you know, I was in an awful hole at the time," continued Digby hastily. "I—I don't know what I should have done without it. I am ashamed to say I left England without paying you, and now—"

It seemed as if he had an attack of stage fright—he broke down ignominiously; so that Quinton Wayland's tendency to resentment reawakened. The thing appeared too barefaced; it would not have convinced a child.

He rose from his chair and, resting the tips of his fingers on the edge of the table, assumed an attitude of ludicrous dignity.

"I think you must be making a mistake," he said.

"My mistake," muttered Digby, taking a case from his breast-pocket, "was in not returning the money before." He took some bank-notes from the case and began to unfold them.

"Sir," cried Quinton, in his most stately manner, "I have no recollection whatever of the occurrence."

For a moment it appeared as if Digby was on the point of a collapse, but then, making a great effort, he pulled himself together.

"Well, that's no wonder," he exclaimed, forcing a laugh.

"If you intend to insinuate that I am becoming senile—"

"Not at all, not at all," said Digby. "I was merely remembering how young we both were at the time. I remember your giving me the money—four five-pound notes"—he looked down at those in his hand—"as well as if it were yesterday."

"Can you inform me," returned Quinton, "why my memory should be so defective?"

"I could if you would not be—not put your back up!"

Quinton waved his right hand by way of giving permission.

"You see," said Digby, "you were pretty well screwed at the time!"

A smile lighted Quinton's haggard, emaciated face. He did not believe the assertion for an instant; indeed, he had always been an extremely abstemious man. Nevertheless, by some curious process of reasoning, the explanation appeared sufficient.

"Ah, well, the follies of youth!" he cried, and returning to his chair, he sat down again, crossing his legs and keeping his sunken eyes on the bank-notes.

"You will let me pay a fair interest!" suggested Digby.

"My dear boy, I am not a usurer!"

"Oh, well, if you won't, you won't; only recollect I'm still in your debt."

"Not at all, dear boy," said Quinton Wayland, rising again. He held out a shaky hand as Digby offered four five-pound notes; then, seizing his hat from the table, appeared impatient to get away. He took out his watch.

"By Jove, how time flies when you begin talking over old days! Jolly old days, Quinton!"

"Ah, we warmed both hands before the fire of life," answered Wayland.

"Come, it isn't sinking yet," said Digby. "When will you dine with me?"

"The fact is," returned Quinton, "I shall probably accept an engagement in the provinces."

"Well, I'll write and name a day. You'll come if you can?"

"Yes, yes, dear boy," said Quinton, knowing perfectly well he should not be invited. He walked to the fireplace and rang the bell, criticising the weather until Sarah Ann came with an expression of surprise. Quinton struck an attitude, with one hand in his coat. "Open the door, if you please," he said, and, standing on the dining-room threshold, held out his hand to Digby.

"And thank you—thank you warmly," he said.

"Nonsense! You've nothing to thank me for, you know."

But Quinton gazed at the other's face quite reproachfully.

"Is the pleasure of seeing you again after all these years nothing?" he demanded.

"Ah, yes, of course," cried Digby. "Well, good-bye, Quinton."

"Fare thee well, dear boy!"

Sarah Ann let Digby out of the house, and then, remembering that she had left her duster on the dining-room sideboard, opened the door. She saw Mr. Quinton Wayland sitting at the table, his arms resting on the red-and-black cloth, his face buried in them. As she seized the duster he remained unaware of her presence, and she observed that his shoulders rose and fell in a curious way.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

GENERAL the Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Grenfell as Commander of the Forces in Ireland, will no doubt be much to the fore during his Majesty's approaching visit to Erin. The General is, of course, one of the great group of Lyttelton brothers and sisters, which includes Lord Cobham, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Mrs. Talbot, the wife of the Bishop of Southwark; the Head-Master of Eton, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the



A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN HUMORIST:
MISS LOUISE MALLOY
("JOSH WINK").

Miss Malloy, of Baltimore, is well known as humorist, editor, and author. She contributes half-a-column of jokes to the "Baltimore American" every day.

his career, to which must be added an astonishing memory. The story goes that, as a young man, though he was not particularly interested in the Turf, he came to know by heart the pedigrees and performances of all the principal horses from simply having had occasion to refer to "Ruff's Guide" from time to time. It is not generally known, too, that Mr. Gladstone, who was his uncle by marriage, placed great reliance on his memory, and used to consult him regularly on matters of fact.

A Goodly Heritage.

General Lyttelton's characteristic charm of manner has not only stood him in good stead professionally, but no doubt was the determining cause of his receiving a sort of fairy godmother's gift. A year ago Mr. C. P. Noel, of Bell Hall, Worcestershire, celebrated his golden wedding, and announced that, having no heir of his own, he had decided to make Sir Neville Lyttelton his heir, he being the brother of his old neighbour and friend, Lord Cobham. Naturally, there have been few similar cases of such good fortune, the most notable being, perhaps, the bequests of fine estates by strangers in blood, for which the present Lord Barington and Mr. Pretymann, of Orwell Park and Riby Grove, have reason to be grateful. The future Squire of Bell Hall is married to one of the clever and charming Stuart-Wortley family, and they have three daughters.

ex-Colonial Secretary. Sir Neville is sixty-one—a solid, serious-faced, typically English-looking sort of man; a good talker, with a passionate love of music, for which he has such a fine ear that he can whistle second to any tune. Sound common-sense has distinguished



SULTAN AND MAJOR AT
TWENTY-EIGHT: MAJOR HARRY
S. HOWLAND.

The Major is the youngest man of his rank in the American army. He has risen from the lowest commissioned grade to the one he now holds in eight years. On one occasion he had to invade territory in Mindanao, and the Moro chiefs made him Sultan of Nunungan.

Shaw's recently "presented" "Don Juan in Hell" reproduces an idea which might have been more familiar to the mind of the reading public had not Moore burnt Byron's "Memoirs." We know very little of what that dossier contained, but one extraordinary passage was saved, in that it was photographed upon the memory of Samuel Rogers. He only read a portion of the manuscript, but from it he carried in

his mind to his dying day a scene which Byron had depicted. The occasion was the poet's bridal night. He suddenly started up out of his first sleep; a taper which burned in the room was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains by which the bed was

surrounded. "Good God, I am surely in hell!" he cried in horror. He turned to find his bride at his side, staring at him in wide-eyed terror.

"Don Juan in Hell." The title of Mr. George Bernard



A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD WOMAN
CHEMIST: Mlle. CLARA WEINICK.

Mlle. Weinick, who is a native of Berne, is only twenty, but she has passed all her examinations as a chemist at the University of Berne, and recently received the permission of the town authorities to practise her profession.

The Paris Apache.

A wet spring does not damp the enthusiasm of the Paris Apache. He apaches more than ever. Another police officer has fallen a victim to his blade. He had the audacity to interfere with two Apaches in their midnight pleasures, and has paid for his folly with his life. This is the second policeman scalped by the roving Red Man of the Paris boulevards during the last few months. It is coming to such a pass that the Apache-riden districts will have to be patrolled by the police in armour-plated autos. The citizens moving homeward after dark will have to march in solid battalions, protected, front and back, with sharp-nosed Gatling guns. A man was "pinked" the other day under the very windows of his house in a swell part of the Gay City. Really, it is too bad. There is a remedy. Everybody knows it, but none dares apply it. It is the cat. Whip the Apache, and he may become a respectable member of society. If he is only to get a light imprisonment on the rare occasions when he is caught, then he will remain

plentiful as the blackberries in the month of September. The Apache hates physical pain. He is only comfortable when he is shooting his victim at long range, or plunging a knife into his back when he is not looking. He is no sportsman, is your Paris footpad.



A CURIOUS METHOD OF ICE-MAKING IN UPPER AUSTRIA.

The water is allowed to fall slowly over a series of poles, and to form large icicles. These icicles are in due course broken off and taken away in carts.

KEY-NOTES

"THE Flying Dutchman" came last in the order of Wagner revivals at Covent Garden, and it was mounted for the final performance of German Opera on Monday of last week. With the exception of "Tristan," we have heard all the Wagner operas that are given in London. "The Flying Dutchman" added yet another to the many triumphs of Mlle. Destinn. The rôle is one that suits her as singer and actress—she was able to shake off the rather numbing effect of her repeated appearances as Madama Butterfly. It would seem as if the name-part in Puccini's opera has influenced the artist unduly. Her gestures even in "Aïda" suggested that she could not dismiss Madama Butterfly from her thoughts; but in "The Flying Dutchman" she seemed to recover herself, and gave a reading of the part that was as grateful to the eye as it was delightful to the ear. Herr van Rooy took the name-part in the opera, but his heavy work in the "Meistersinger" and elsewhere seemed to have left him tired, and there was a sense of effort in voice and action to which we are not accustomed. The part of Daland was entrusted to Herr Griswold, who has a very fine voice that is not altogether complete. Some few middle notes seem to be reached with difficulty, while those at either end of his range are rich and sonorous.

The chief event at the Opera last week was the revival of "Carmen," with Kirkby Lunn in the name-part, Caruso as Don José, Donalda as Micaela, and Scandiani as the Toreador. We have heard the same singers before in this opera, and it is fair to say that as far as singing goes there is little to be desired. Madame Kirkby Lunn's beautiful voice ranges over the music with

of Don José; but, unfortunately, neither the English nor the Italian artist can give us the true Spanish type, or suggest the atmosphere of Seville. Caruso's Don José is an excitable Italian, very nearly related to Canio of the "Pagliacci." Madame Kirkby Lunn's Carmen is as English as Hampstead Heath. All the splendid opportunities for local colour that Merimée's story provides and Bizet's music develops are to seek.

The concert in honour of Dr. Richter's thirty-year-old association with English music was one of the great events of the musical season, and in devoting the programme to Beethoven the directors of the London Symphony Orchestra made an excellent choice. Had Wagner never lived, Dr. Richter would have gained a great reputation by his interpretation of Beethoven to people who had yet to appreciate that splendid master. Nowadays we are so accustomed to regard the composer of the "Eroica" and "Pastoral" Symphonies as the greatest of all musicians that it is not easy to remember how hard it was to impress his quality upon the public. Dr. Richter accomplished the spade-work in the days of the old St. James's Hall, the late Sir August Manns gave great help at the Crystal Palace, the late Sir George Grove lent valuable assistance by his lucid criticisms and appreciations, and to-day few works of Beethoven are overlooked. Dr. Richter seemed to renew his youth last week, and the London Symphony Orchestra responded nobly to the task of playing the Fourth Symphony and the "Eroica" in one afternoon. On an occasion when one's thoughts turned naturally enough to the conductor, it was impossible to overlook his splendid equipment. Never was knowledge more intimate, control more complete, or sympathy more judicious. It is hard to imagine that orchestral players could enjoy more sure or inspiring guidance.

Mr. Kreisler's recital at the Queen's Hall last week was devoted very largely to music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and showed one of the most gifted violinists of modern times at his best. In the works of Handel, Corelli, and Tartini Mr. Kreisler seemed to express the fullest significance of the old masters' moods. All this music belongs to a season when musicians composed in the same spirit that contemporary essayists wrote prose. They erected as stately an edifice as was possible; its foundations were learning, restraint, and a certain sense of the fitness of things that is closely akin to piety. Theirs was essentially the work of a generation whose outlook upon life was serious. Nothing trivial could find admission, there was no pandering to what is called popular taste. In music of this class Mr. Kreisler is perhaps at his best. He responds to the spirit of the men who wrote it, and expresses all the beauty that would be overlooked by less intelligent or less intellectual interpreters. But as if to show the catholicity of his taste and the range of his achievement, the violinist included in his programme some music by the late Joseph Lanner. He was a Viennese composer who set all his city dancing when the nineteenth century was young, and became the father of the veteran Katti Lanner, whose work, though it does not take the same form as her father's, delights many of us to this day.

COMMON CHORD.



A FAMOUS HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST, PROFESSOR, AND COMPOSER:
PROFESSOR JENŐ HUBAY.

Professor Hubay showed his great talent for music at an early age. He made a public appearance in Budapest when he was nine, and subsequently studied under Joachim. He went to Paris in 1878, and afterwards toured most successfully in France, Belgium, and Holland, later becoming professor of the violin at the Royal Academy of Music, Budapest. From his school have come such well-known players as Stefi Geyer, Franz von Vecsey, and Joska Szigetti. —[Photograph by Uher Odón.]

perfect ease; the card-scene, that has so many difficulties for some of the artists who have essayed the part of Carmen from time to time, suits her to perfection. Nobody could wish to hear the music more finely sung. Caruso, too, finds no difficulty in the rôle



THE COMPOSER OF "THE MERRY WIDOW":
MR. FRANZ LEHAR.

The English version of "Die Lustige Wittwe" was due for production at Daly's on Saturday last.

Photograph by C. Fietzner.



THE FUEL-LIMIT FOR THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE—THE EFFECT OF THE WEATHER—THE SPEED ATTAINED—THE HERKOMER TROPHY—THE KAISERPREIS.

IT seems to be the general opinion that if there is to be a Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man in 1908, or a race of any kind for touring-cars, and the makers are to be persuaded to enter, the fuel-limit will have to be abandoned, and some other limitation instituted in its stead. Just what new conditions are required no one is at present able to indicate, although I, for one, shall regret the abandonment of the fuel-limit. When originally suggested it was hailed as the solution of all competitive difficulties, and I am still of the opinion that, with some slight modification, it is the right thing. The Club says your chassis must not be below a certain weight, and it must carry a certain load; there are so many miles of a certain character to cover, and there is so much fuel; now produce a machine to travel that distance, carrying that load as fast as possible, and the car that completes the journey in the fastest time shall be adjudged the winner. Could any proposition be set in simpler terms?

But the race of last month has shown that the petrol-consumption on wet and heavy as compared with dry and fast roads is very much greater than any of the experts surmised. Many of the vehicles entered had all they could do to get round on the allotted quantity in practice, when everything was favourable, so the absolute hopelessness of the task under such conditions as obtained on the day of the contest must have robbed the race of all interest to the drivers. Nine-tenths of the competitors, everything else being equal, knew that they were doomed to failure. A. Lee Guinness' luck was clean out with his Darracq, for he led the winning car by thirty-eight seconds at the beginning of the last circuit, was leading the field half-way round, and then ran out of petrol at Hillbury Corner with only two-and-a-half miles to go, two of which he could have coasted.

I refrain from instituting any comparisons between this and last year's performances. Such comparisons are rendered altogether out of question by the mud, the rain, and the dense mist which obscured some ten miles of the mountain road. The average speed in miles per hour is ludicrous when contrasted with what was achieved last year, or even in 1905; and, as nearly all the cars concerned were considered to be something faster than the vehicles of 1906, the deterrent effect of the elements is sufficiently obvious. Had the Tourist Trophy Cars been treated as were the Heavy Cars, and given an extra allowance of petrol—say, only a couple of quarts—to compensate for the state of the roads, the race would have

finished very differently. The winner of 1905 might very well have repeated his triumph, for, notwithstanding a choked petrol-pipe in the fourth circuit, he was in the first flight in the fifth, and going very fast when his petrol gave out.



THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC LADY MOTORIST? PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF LIECHTENSTEIN, WHO OWNS THIRTY-ONE CARS.

The Princess motors daily, whatever the weather, and invariably drives the car herself. Her magnificent garage is at Stuhlweissenburg, Hungary.

Yet we must remember what the old saying suggests would happen "if ifs and ans were pots and pans," and turn from conjecture to congratulate the actual winners in both races. The running of Courtis' Rover was most consistent, considering the weather. The winning car started twenty-second. At the close of the first and second circuits she was eighth; at the end of the third, seventh; when the fourth had been completed, fifth; at the close of the fifth, fourth; and at the sixth, first. The third round was the fastest, this being covered in 1 hr. 20 min. 58 sec.; while the slowest was the last—1 hr. 27 min. 50 sec. After she had stopped her petrol-tank contained 32 oz. = 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints. The winning car was one of the two Rover cars shut out of last year's race by arriving too late at the Club enclosure. Like good wine, they have doubtless improved by keeping. Those old cycle-builders, Messrs. Humber and Co., have won laurels in both Light and Heavy races. A splendid second in the T. T., with 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of petrol over, and an easy win from the Heavies, with 142 oz., are achievements of which Beeston may well be proud.

On Wednesday morning last, no fewer than 134 cars were started from Dresden to compete for the trophy presented by that prince of portrait-painters, Professor Herkomer. Recalling the extraordinary laxity which obtained last year with regard to compliance with the regulations, when chassis with box-seats were allowed to start, it is satisfactory to learn that the inspection

before the start was so rigid that no fewer than forty-five cars were disqualified. The race is truly an international one, seven European countries being represented.

Hardly will the Herkomer have come to a close when the great race for the Kaiserpreis will have been decided over the amended Taunus course. Already Bad Homburg, where they take the waters, is filling with motor folk concerned with driving in, conducting, or witnessing this great race. The event enjoys the greatest popularity, for the reason that that patriotic German, the Emperor, has set the stamp of his approval upon it, and lent it his name. There are ninety entries—such



LONDON'S EXPRESS AMBULANCE SERVICE: THE CITY'S ELECTRIC RED-CROSS CAR.

The ambulance car is stationed behind the General Post Office. It answers calls given at the Red-Cross street pillars recently erected. In a fortnight it attended twenty-eight street accidents. It is fitted with two stretchers.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

a tale that eliminating trials must be held to bring the numbers of starters in the actual event within the margin of safety.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE RACEHORSE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION—STARTING AT THE WALK AT LAST—SENSITIVE RACEGOERS.

FOR one am delighted to hear that the Racehorse Owners' Association is to be carried on, and I am certain that it will turn out a useful institution. There are many needed reforms that do not come within the scope of the Jockey Club that require to be brought about, and I hope from time to time to give the Association suggestions in this column that will pay for putting into practice. I cannot for the life of me see why the Jockey Club should object to the existence of a body of owners founded to look after their legitimate interests. We all know that the Jockey Club will have nothing to do with the laws of betting, but they do not object to the work being done by the Newmarket Subscription Rooms Committee; the Turf senate actually engages to warn off all defaulters. But to the owners. It is certain that the new Association could deal readily with the matter of railway charges, the purification of horse-boxes, and the question of exorbitant charges, without in any way impairing the authority of the Turf senate. To borrow a suggestion of Lord Marcus Beresford's, owners "have to live" as well as racecourse shareholders. Sir T. Dewar once said the owner came fourth on the list, after the jockey, the trainer, and the bookmaker. This should not be. It is necessary in the best interests of the Turf that owners—who are, after all, the backbone of the sport—should get something approaching twenty shillings for their pound, seeing that some of the enclosed courses pay dividends ranging from 33 to 45 per cent. to their shareholders. Even the Jockey Club does not allow new meetings to pay dividends of more than 10 per cent., which shows that, at any rate, the late Mr. James Lowther thought that owners should share, to a certain extent, in the spoils. If the members of the Racehorse Owners' Association work harmoniously they will work for the good of themselves—*ergo*, the Turf will benefit at large. I wish them luck.

After thumping away at the big drum for several years, I am glad to be told that the stewards of the Jockey Club intend to allow races to be started at the walk. We have had many terrible starts since the flat season began, due in the main to the system under which the officials were compelled to act. As I mentioned some time back, a leading bookmaker, of all the people in the racing world, deplored the state of affairs which kept speculators from gambling. The stand-still start has been given a fair trial, and in many instances has failed lamentably. Indeed, it has been the rule rather than the exception to see a straggling start, with the usual turn-up at the finish. No one could justly accuse either the Hon. E. Willoughby or Mr. Arthur Coventry of being wanting in tact, yet the best

efforts of these gentlemen fail to give us good starts at times, and the stand-still system is evidently one to be avoided. But the walk-up start will not be a success unless the jockeys are given to understand that the starter's orders must be obeyed, and that quickly, too. The horses must not be allowed under any consideration to break. An animal breaking into a trot twice ought to be penalised three yards. A plan built on the suggested lines would, I am sure, meet with the approval of all the good men, backers and layers alike. Further, it would check the games of the older jockeys, who always did try to poach starts at the expense of the little boys. Any trainer sending untrained horses to the starting-post ought to be heavily fined.

It is a great drawback to racing that so many owners are so sensitive and so very superstitious. The same remark, by-the-by, could be applied equally to many trainers and some jockeys. I heard of a case the other day in which an owner gave orders for his horse to be sent home without running, because the animal named was included in a certain man's tips that were being hawked on the course. The owner exclaimed that he was not going to run his horses for any bloated tipster. Now the joke comes in here. As it happened, this particular animal was not a tip of the vaticinator, but the "boys" who had forged his golden finals had put the horse's name forward as a good thing. I think that when horses are reported "arrived" they should be compelled to run, and the owner should be heavily fined if a horse on the spot misses an engagement, unless with the permission of the stewards. Further, I consider that the time has come to do away with overnight selling-races. The programmes should be finished, with weights and order of running, and should be published complete each week in the official organ of the Jockey Club. The crowds on our racecourses have doubled since the passing of the Betting Act; and, in the interests of the racegoing public, all available information should be forthcoming in plenty of time to allow of business men and others making their arrangements. Why is not the Epsom Summer programme treated like the one at Ascot, where all the races close weeks beforehand? True, hundreds of men left the City at 12.30 on Derby Day, and were in time to see Orby win, but they paid a special fare for the privilege. Hundreds of others would have done so too had they known the time of the race a week beforehand.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



A LADY WHO HAS JUST KILLED HER 3000TH STAG: THE COUNTESS D'EU.

Although verging on 61 years of age, the Countess retains her cunning as a sportswoman. Only a few days ago she killed her three-thousandth stag. The Countess was born Princess Isabelle of Braganza, and married Prince Gaston of Bourbon-Orleans (the Count d'Eu) at Rio Janeiro in October 1864.



LEARNING TO FOLLOW IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: MR. C. B. FRY, THE FAMOUS ATHLETE, TEACHING HIS LITTLE SON TO FIELD.

Mr. Fry is thirty-five. He was educated at Repton, and at Wadham College, Oxford. In 1893 he was captain of Oxford University Association Football, President of the University Athletic Club, and captain of the University Cricket Club. He is an ex-holder of the world's record for long jump.

Photograph supplied by the Topical Press.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Danish Smart Set.

The Queen of Denmark will hardly appreciate all the gay doings got up in London in her honour, for she is a Royalty devoted only to good works, and caring less than nothing for the sinful pride of worldly affairs. I understand it causes real distress to her Majesty when she has to attend a ball. This austerity in the most exalted circles has brought about a social revolution in Copenhagen, which, once the most light-hearted and irresponsible of capitals, is now given over to religious fervour and a rigorous pietistic revival such as once in fifty years or so seems to sweep over Northern Europe. Stendhal, in one of his stories, describes how one of these religious storms even reached Paris, and affected certain over-sensitive Duchesses in the Faubourg St. Germain with curious results. One who knows the "inside track" in Copenhagen assures me that it is now the fashion in that once lively city to give parties at which the guests get up in turn and confess their sins aloud. This is a custom which, if introduced into London, would add considerably to the piquancy of our present monotonous entertainments, and give an interest to the season of 1907 which would atone for Arctic skies and lack of social enterprise.

Royalty without Pomp.

A holiday in the royal palaces of Denmark is always looked to with eagerness by Tsars, Kings, and Princesses, because life there is *sans gêne*, and no one bothers to gape and stare at them. At one time, when the late King and Queen reigned, potentates were often as plentiful as peas in June; yet no one can say that the neighbourhood of Copenhagen is beautiful. The country is as flat as the palm of one's hand, and the rather stiff drive round the Sound (where Nelson demolished the Danish fleet after turning his blind eye to the Admiral's signal) is certainly not as exciting as a promenade on the front at Southsea. The "wild and stormy heights" of Elsinore exist only in the poet's imagination, that castle-fortress being situated on a shore as unalpine in character as the Lincolnshire fens. I once drove out a few miles from Copenhagen to the Château of Bernstorff, the favourite summer residence of the old King and Queen. Arrived at the gates, the liveried porter, seeing that we were English, begged us to go in, as the Princess of Wales, he said, was staying there. So we wandered up the leafy avenue, and saw the house—an unpretentious château of modest dimensions, with French windows—and strolled about in the pretty but unostentatious grounds till there were signs that all the crowned heads of Europe were about to emerge and take a bicycle-ride, when we discreetly fled. It was in the early days of that exhilarating amusement, when even Sovereigns were known to wobble on their perilous seats. One felt that to see the Tsar of all the Russias trying to mount a bicycle would be an unseemly spectacle for profane eyes.

Pity the Modern Girl.

Though she is quite able to stand it, and is apparently indifferent to the attacks made on her from all points of the social compass, the Modern Girl seems to be a sort of human target at which everybody loves to have a shot. There is nothing that she does or says which is not sharply criticised, and she cannot play a game, talk to a man, or—in her light-hearted moments—slide downstairs on a tray without being rigorously called to account by her social mentors. Miss Annesley Kenely has recently assailed her in lively, but good-natured fashion on her complete ignorance of the useful arts of sweeping, cooking, and lighting fires. But, one may well ask, why should we expect a well-bred and well-educated girl to be an expert with house-flannels and dish-clouts, with saucepans and brooms? Why should she be qualified to be an under-housemaid or a scullery-wench, any more than her brother from the 'Varsity should learn the mysteries of the butler's pantry or the niceties of blacking boots? A man does not bring up his boys to do these things, and, as it is, the amount of human energy which is weekly expended on the chronicling of small beer and the rubbing of absolutely useless silver knick-knacks by the average housewife would engineer a revolution and change the face of society.

The Bitter Cry of the Unemployed Rich.

Meantime, the case of the young gentleman with what we are pleased to call a "liberal education" (which usually means a resolute dislike, if not a total inability, to read a line of Greek) is an even more parlous one than that of the modern girl. Whatever her failings or shortcomings, the girl can always get employment, even though it be somewhat meagrely paid. But no one, it seems, wants the graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, for schoolmasters are too plentiful, private secretaries a glut in the market, and even "gentlemen of weak intellect" who want keepers are not numerous enough as yet to be of much use to the unemployed sons of the rich. This latter occupation—not, at the first blush, an exhilarating one—is, I gather from Mr. Basil Tozer's pessimistic article in the current *National Review*, nevertheless much sought after, one of the recent candidates for the post being a necessitous Baronet of high lineage. One of the careers open to a younger son, until the last two or three decades, was the rich marriage; but even this resource fails



AN EARLY AUTUMN MODEL BY ERNEST.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

nowadays, for the modern young person is nothing if not astute, and has no idea of exchanging her money-bags for the *beaux yeux* of a detrimental charm he never so wisely. What, then, are we to do with our unemployed young gentlemen? In London, at any rate, they are of use as social figure-heads, and add largely to the lustre of the ball-giver's crown. Could not "going out" and making himself agreeable be made a paying profession for our impecunious youth? A mere trifle—enough to cover expenses—might be charged for dinner or lunch; but obsequious attendance at tea, garden-parties, bazaars, and bridge with elderly ladies might reasonably be remunerated at a considerable figure, and thus a new profession be provided for the derelicts of our 'Varsities.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

IF a man can do anything in woman's dress, he does it superlatively well. Many men know the effect they would like to get; just a few can get it. The thing must be born in a man, be a *flair* with him—that all-embracing, untranslatable word made by the French for their own people. That some Frenchmen have the *flair* for dress is undeniable; it is also the coveted possession of an odd Englishman here and there.

I was intensely interested in a little talk with M. Lewis, of Maison Lewis, Regent Street, a genie of the milliner's art, which I was lucky enough to secure the other day. During his comet-like rushes from one to another fashionable centre where he has establishments, his short pauses are pounced upon by great ladies to secure from him an outfit of hats.

"I never played as boys play," said this fairy-fingered prince of hat-makers; "I played with ribbons and tulle, feathers and lace. I made hats—hats for my sisters, capotes for my mother, hats for my aunts, always I made hats." From eleven to fourteen he worked for his aunts, who were milliners, and acquired the practical part of his art, for he can make a hat from the very beginning. He has now 140 workers always busy in Paris, 150 at the Maison Lewis here, besides which he has an establishment



THE CUP PRESENTED TO THE COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL OF THE RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.

The cup was presented by the Chairman, Colonel J. M. Templeton, to be competed for in the Commonwealth match. It has been specially designed and manufactured by his Majesty's Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, London.

ment at Biarritz which does quantities of business; and he has now secured splendid premises in the Rue Berlin, Ostend, which will be open for the season. It makes one breathless. Nothing is this, however, to his making a hat: it is hey, presto! and there before your very eyes is the smartest, jauntiest, and daintiest little hat, or the most bewitchingly picturesque large one that the taste of woman could desire.

The moment M. Lewis sees a woman's head his brain becomes unconsciously busy with what will best set it off. Thus, his styles are as many and varied as are women's faces, and his facility for suiting individuals is useful also for becomingly crowning the many types of womankind. He has for years made hats for Queen Margherita, the pearl of Savoy, and has the appointment also to Queen Elena and to the Duchess of Aosta. Here our smartest women are his clients, and in Paris the leading lights of French and Americo-Parisian Society flock to him. Great actresses go to him. For years Madame Sarah Bernhardt has had hats from him, so have Féline, Liane de Pougy, and La Belle Otero.

The Court last week was a *débutantes'* night. A number of lovely girls were presented, wearing the prettiest and daintiest of white frocks and the most poetic things



MAKING THE "PERFECT" SPEED-INDICATOR: THE MAIN ASSEMBLING SHOP AT MESSRS. S. SMITH AND SONS, LTD., AT WATFORD, HERTS.

possible in trains. Nothing is prettier in social life than a girl going to her first Court. Katherine, Duchess of Westminster presented her younger girl, who when her brother, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, was married last year lay at the point of death. Now she is a belle of the season, and her dress was lovely—of tulle, with just a little glitter of silver on it. There were tapering trails of silver roses down the bodice, and on the end of the white satin tulle-bordered train. A bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley completed a charming costume for a lovely girl, who is all the more eagerly welcomed into the enjoyment of the season, that last year her chances of it appeared so meagre.

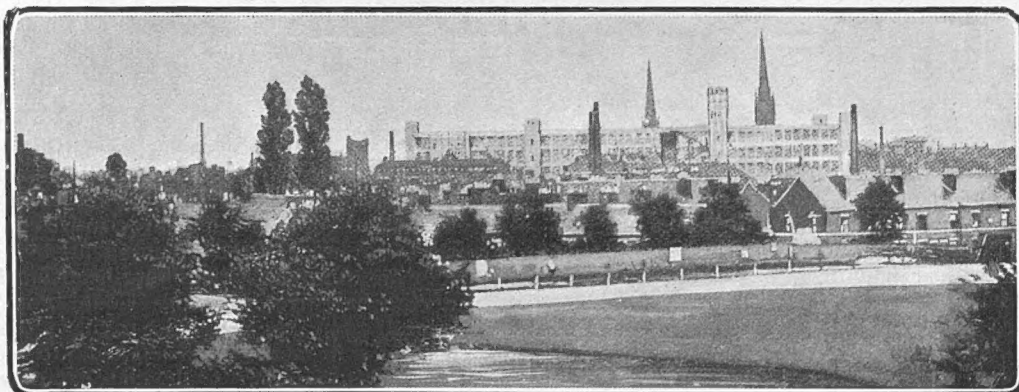
There is nothing like taking time by the forelock. The old gentleman with the scythe has a way of leaving us behind if we don't take this precaution to keep step with him. The famous Ernest, of Regent Street, has a lease of the forelock, I think. On "Woman's Ways" page will be found an illustration of an early autumn model. Think of it, but don't be sad: it doesn't mean that the summer is over before it arrives; it means only that there is importance in being Ernest, and having provision for our changing seasons. Last week we were in proud possession of an inclement early spring. The model is in white cloth with pretty strappings. It is souple light cloth, and the strappings are of white braid and white cord, with which the little coat is finished, tassels being natively appended to the points of the collar, while the sleeves are done with cords and ribbons in a very fascinating way. The belt is white patent-leather with a gilt buckle. The hat is of deep crimson chip, and is finished with shaded mauve roses and a brown fantasy feather. It is quite charming, and would be a saving grace for Ascot if the weather clerk elects to give us a sample of early autumn weather.



A CELEBRATED MAN MILLINER: M. LEWIS, HEAD OF MAISON LEWIS.

Having had long experience in the manufacture of speed-indicators for motor-cars, Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, 9, Strand, W.C., are now turning their attention to the production of English taximeters, which are an improvement on those of Continental construction. They have succeeded in producing an instrument embodying improvements which

add considerably to the accuracy of the taximeter. These improvements are: (a) A blank space is shown on the dial until the cab is engaged, the figures being large and distinct; (b) the record of fares for the proprietor is accurately kept at the back of the instrument, and includes the extras; (c) the drive from the road-wheel, which is by a new method, adds greatly to the durability of the connection.



THE NEW WORKS OF THE RUDGE-WHITWORTH CYCLE COMPANY AT COVENTRY.

The buildings cover $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground, and measure 400 feet by 60 feet. In the last five years the firm has spent £550,000 in wages alone. Last year's sales numbered 75,000 bicycles. The Company hopes that its new premises will enable it to supply 100,000 this year.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 25.

PREMIUM BONDS.

THE unfortunate decision of Mr. Curtis Bennett at the Westminster Police Court in the early part of this year has let loose upon the unlucky British investor a body of harpies compared with whom the ready-money bookmaker and the common bucket-shop keeper are comparative saints. Mr. Bennett decided that it was not illegal to advertise for sale what are called Premium Bonds—that is, bonds of various Continental cities and States which either carry a low rate of interest or no interest at all, and which depend for their value partly or wholly upon the chance of being drawn at a fancy price. The result has been that the newspapers and the Post Office have been flooded with advertisements, and our letter-box, and those of nearly all our contemporaries, have been filled with inquiries as to whether the writers should accept what they imagine are the tempting offers made to them by their kind friends The International Securities Syndicate, Mr. Smith, and various other advertising touts.

To save separate answers, we wish to give the true state of the case without mincing matters. The bulk of the bonds offered for sale are quite honest investments, and the chance of redemption at a big premium is mathematically capable of estimation, and is reflected in the current market price. If, therefore, an investor buys this class of stock at the *proper price* he gets (allowing for chances of premium redemption) a fair investment; but inasmuch as the bonds are not quoted here, the advertising touts are taking advantage of people right and left by charging all sorts of prices, ranging from 25 to 40 per cent. too much.

Let us give a few examples. The following table represents the price at which this class of bond is offered by the International Securities Trust (the most pushing of the touting fraternity) and the true market price of the same thing—

Security.	Tout's Price.	Market Price.
City of Paris, 1892	£16 5 0 ..	£15 1 0
ditto, 1898	£18 10 0 ..	£17 2 6
Crédit Foncier	£20 0 0 ..	£18 16 0
Suez Canal	£26 0 0 ..	£24 0 0
Congo State	£5 0 0 ..	£3 11 6
Panama Canal	£8 0 0 ..	£4 15 0
Ottoman Bonds	£8 0 0 ..	£6 9 0

—while a special feature is made of a combination of three bonds offered at twenty guineas, of which the true market price is under £15.

COMMONWEALTH OIL.

Our correspondent "Q" has not sent us a note this week, but writes—"I understand that a full interim report will be issued to the shareholders of the Commonwealth Oil Corporation early in July, which should prove very satisfactory to them. Meanwhile, any of your readers who hold shares would be very ill-advised to part with them at present prices."

GWALIA CONSOLIDATED.

We have recommended these shares as a mining gamble, and many of our readers have followed our advice and are now asking us why we think well of them. To satisfy inquiries, we will state the true position of the Company. It has over 100,000 tons of ore, averaging about 8 dwt. per ton, developed; it has run ten stamps for about two years, and has made over £500 a month average profit, and out of this profit has purchased a further twenty head of stamps, with cyanide and slimes plant complete, and the new machinery will be at work about the end of this month. The mine is in charge of a man who holds nearly thirty thousand shares and considers that, as soon as he has his new machinery at work, his profits must amount to £2500 a month at least.

The issued capital is £66,000, in shares of the nominal value of 2s. 6d. each, and these shares when we first recommended them were 1s. to 1s. 3d., and are quoted now at 3s. to 3s. 3d. in the market. They are, we know, being largely bought for people in Australia. Unless the directors are being wilfully deceived, the profit of the next twelve months cannot be less than £25,000, and the shares ought to be worth 5s. or 6s. each. These are the plain unvarnished facts, from which our readers can judge for themselves as to whether the shares are worth picking up or not. All mines are gambles; we think this one is a good gamble.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Don't make it too gloomy—that's all," my Editor has just cautioned me, after ringing up to ask for half a column. Absurd warning, you know. So futile. If we were all on the point of entering the workhouse (not Hammersmith Palace) we shouldn't be gloomy. Though the tears were trickling down our noses, still our song would be, "I'm so happy; I'm so ha-ha-happy." If there's one thing which makes me proud of my membership it's this: that, whatever the circumstances may be—good, bad, or worst—the Stock Exchange goes on smiling all the time, and you might think we liked it.

The City, generally, has got the hump as badly as any camel. A friend of mine came on to the office from seeing the Governor of the Bank of England just now. "He seems very depressed," remarked my client. Same thing applies to pretty nearly everybody. And in the House there exists a good deal of actual distress.

Big failures within the last week or two send the mind back to a good many years ago, when men who are to-day in the front rank of wealthy and influential members were hammered in their early days. One broker, head of a firm whose offices are now palatial, was declared soon after he started business as a young man, and there are several others who fared very similarly, but who, after re-admission, re-established their credit and built up businesses which are the envy of literally hundreds of their fellow-men. It only shows what a man can do if he fails. Oscar Wilde said that there's nothing succeeds like excess, but some of our House friends could go one better than that, and say that there's nothing succeeds like failure.

While I remember. I am told that the prospects of the next coupon, due July 1, on Guayaquil and Quito bonds being met are very nebulous. I don't know anything myself, but this is what quite sound authority assures me.

Amongst the good investments that are going so cheaply, commend me to some of the Argentine Railway stocks. Rosarios, Pacifics, "Bags"—all are very low just now and cry out that they deserve to be bought. A mixture of the stocks can be purchased to yield 5½ per cent. to rather more. And a capital mixture it would make, too.

Mexicans have gone down, I know, and I hide my diminished pate. The market has been the sport and plaything of some of these pernicious gamblers who speculate with other people's money—having none of their own to lose—and forced sales have done their usual work. Buy more stock to average. But take it up—take it up, or else don't buy at all.

Commonwealth Oil shares are one of the tips given by "Q," and I don't want to appear officious in remarking that next month should see a very interesting statement from the manager, Mr. Sutherland, now on his way home. He will probably be able to tell us when the Corporation is likely to be in a position to start work upon commercial lines—in other words, how soon it will probably be before the railway is finished, and so on. In the meanwhile, hold your shares, unless "Q" says sell.

Maybe the Tanganyika people have got a little rise on hand for their shares. The new Kanshansi baby must have some better sort of market to come out in if it's going to be a success, and that is why I fancy Tangans may have another run. Whatever you do, having bought, don't despise any nimble ninepence.

Supposing you were a Board of Directors, and your shareholders, after many years of waiting which produced no dividends, began to get restive, to ask pertinent questions, to criticise methods and expenditure—how would you act? Try to explain?—to show in a friendly manner how this, that, and the other happened? to pacify people? I daresay you would. And the result? Far more kicks than guineas. No, Sir; what you must do is to fly into a furious, childish temper, rush into a corner with your face turned to the wall, and kick out backwards for all you are worth—behave, in fact, like a spoilt, petted baby. What will happen? Why, all the shareholders will come humbly round, beseeching forgiveness, presenting votes of confidence, saying that they will never do it any more. They will, as sure as my name is—J. B. Robinson? No, of course not; as sure as it's

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, June 8, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month

APULEIUS.—We have no faith in the Rhodesian or Mashonaland Railway Debentures, and would have none of them for our own money. The Delta Railway shares seem cheap, and are a fair purchase. The *Guardian* Preference stock is a good sound holding, and you had better stick to it.

A. S.—We sent you the name of the firm of brokers you require on the 5th inst.

EGYPT.—See this week's Notes.

A. B.—We can get only a nominal price for your Paper Company shares of 20s. to 30s., but can hear of no business having been done for ages. The paper trade is very bad just now. You might buy, but probably can't sell.

G. W. M.—Whose recommendations have not fallen? We hold United of Havana ourselves. The state of the markets and the present traffics are sufficient to account for the fall. The Argentine land shares (like its railways) are depressed, and it is probable that a few months ago people were too sanguine as to rapid developments. A few shares offered for sale on account of a death or "a financier in difficulties" is enough to put this class of share down, because there is next to no public buying. There is no change in the true value since we recommended them.

SHAN.—See this week's Notes. The French touts are playing the same game as the others.

DODO.—We know nothing of the Milk concern. The Corporation of West Egypt is a speculative concern in good and powerful hands. If you are game to hold for years, it is pretty sure to come right. We have no faith in the Copper concern.

J. C.—We do not like the Copper Company. It is too Yankee for our taste. The Indians are steady-going concerns, not likely to boom. If Copper keeps at present level, the Tasmanian concern ought to pay reasonable dividends.

THE DUFFER.—(1) Write it off as a bad debt, and have nothing to do with the reconstruction. (2) Ditto. (3) We think badly of both. (4) Hold. (5) See this week's Notes.

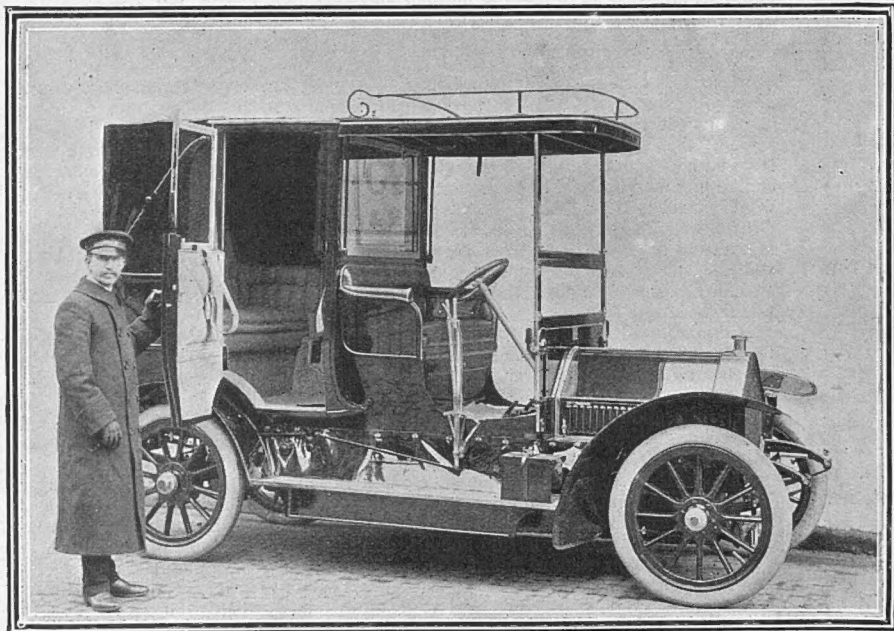
A. D.—See this week's Notes. If you can get any American Freehold Land Mortgage Pref. stock at about 102, buy it; but two correspondents have been unable to effect a purchase, as there is little stock offering.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Lewes I fancy the following: Open Welter, Osbeck; Three-Year-Old Handicap, John Bull; Beacon Handicap, Lucky Bag; Club Open Welter, Happy Hampton; Abergavenny Stakes, Bracelet; Southdown Open Welter, Blank; Lewes Spring Handicap, Cadwal. At Hurst Park the following should go close: Vyner Handicap, Schnapps; Park Plate, Allargue; Foal Plate, Pom; Surrey Stakes, Llangwm; Sprint Handicap, Master Hopson; Duchess of York Plate, Woolwinder; Walton Handicap, Gala; Middlesex Stakes, Darringe. At Haydock Park, I like Molly Shiels for the Great Central Handicap, and Hong Kong for the Old Newton Cup. At Ascot on Tuesday, Nocturnal may go close for the Ascot Stakes, the Gold Vase may be won by Golden Measure, the Prince of Wales's Stakes by Perambulator, and the Coventry Stakes by Royal Realm.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

TYRES, of course, played a very great part in the results of the Tourist Trophy and Heavy Touring Car races, particularly under the wretched weather conditions that obtained



A NEW CAR FOR THE HON. H. GIBBS: A 15-H.P. COVENTRY-HUMBER LANDAULETTE.

The fine finish of the body and the bonnet are very evident.

at the time. Therefore those responsible for that British product, the Dunlop Tyre, have every reason to shake hands with themselves. To tyre the winners of both events is glory enough for one day, but when this record is supplemented by the second in both events the cup is surely pressed down and running over.

The Vauxhall car entered for the Scottish Reliability Trials is of standard design, four-cylinder engine ($3\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $3\frac{1}{4}$ in.) forced lubrication, high-tension dual ignition, gate change-speed gear, live axle, ball-bearings throughout, except engine and back hubs. The lubricating system is a strong feature, a continuous supply of oil being forced through the main bearings and crank-shaft to the big ends by means of an engine-driven plunger-pump. This arrangement has been adopted on this year's cars with striking success, and the results justify the claim that the smoke nuisance is overcome. The ignition gear is of the company's special design, all high-tension leads being thoroughly protected and yet perfectly accessible. The engine is capable of developing much more than its rated 12-16-h.p., and is remarkably flexible and silent. Engine control is effected by throttle and spark levers conveniently situated beneath the steering-wheel, and also by an accelerator pedal, which, however, can be cut out by the hand-throttle lever.

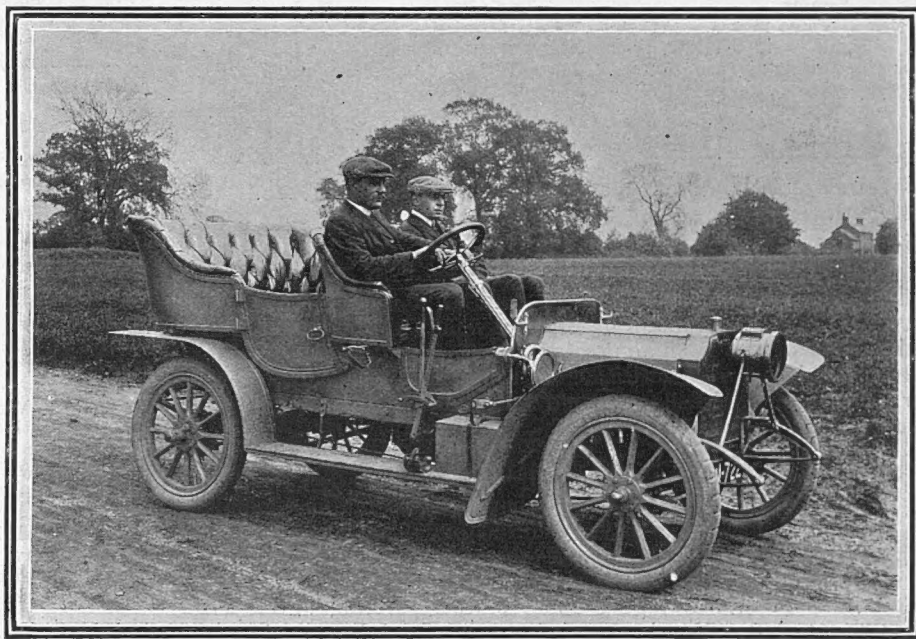
We are informed by Messrs. Huntley Walker and Co., Limited, of 483, Oxford Street, W., the principal English agents for Darracqs, and sole concessionaires for the six-cylinder Darracq cars, that Mr. Huntley Walker has just returned from Paris,

where he negotiated with M. Darracq for the purchase of several of the Darracq racing-cars built to compete in the principal racing events on the Continent this year. Immediately M. Darracq decided, in consequence of the Wagner episode, that the Darracq firm would not race officially in this year's events, Mr. Huntley Walker was given the first refusal of the racing-cars built for this year's Grand Prix and for the Kaiserpreis. He has purchased one of the Grand Prix racing-cars and two of the Kaiserpreis cars, together with the racing-car of Wagner's which had practically won the Targa Florio when, for some reason or other, Wagner withdrew from the race, and has also secured the new 200-h.p. six-cylinder racer which is built purposely to establish new world's records. In view of the present controversy as to the relative merits of the six versus the four cylinder type of engine, it is interesting to note that M. Ribeyrolles, who is admittedly the first designer of racing-cars in Europe, has been converted to the six-cylinder type of engine. The first appearance of the new 200-h.p. six-cylinder Darracq will in all likelihood be on the Brooklands Track during the coming racing season.

The excellent portrait of Mlle. Trouhanova published in our issue of May 22 was by Reutlinger.

Sketch readers will learn with interest that Miss Ellen Terry has written the story of her life for *M.A.P.* It need hardly be said that the autobiography is fascinating. The first instalment has just been published.

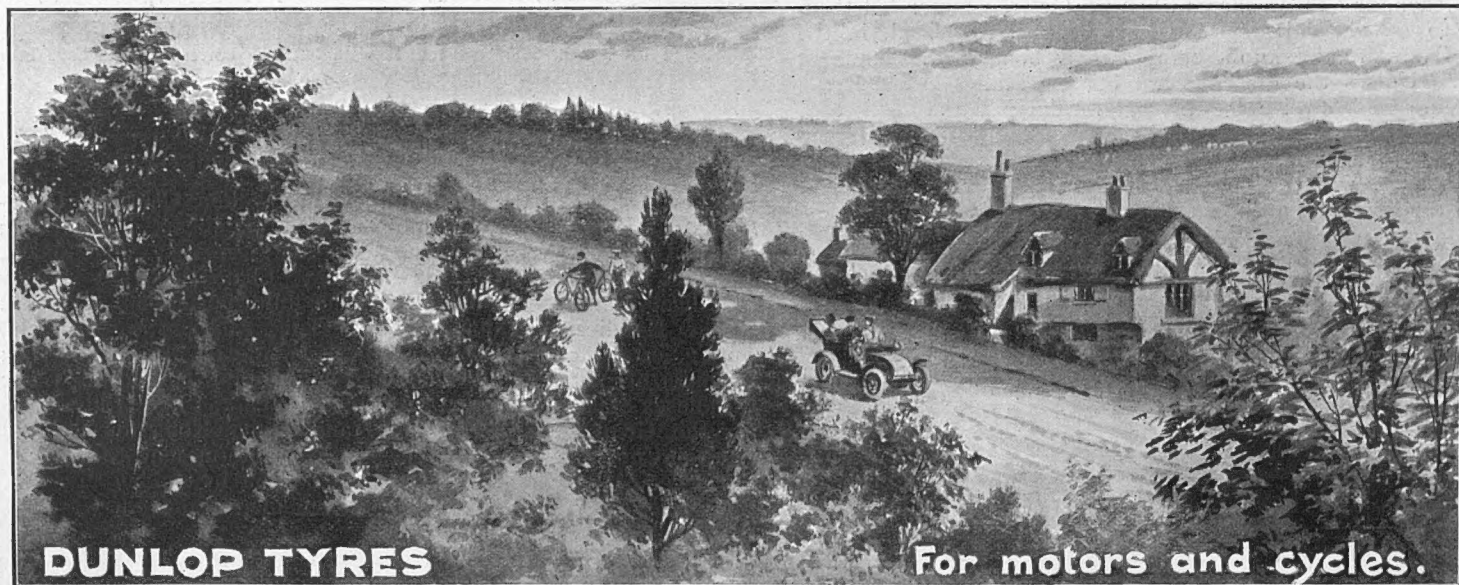
By a slip of the pen, we stated in a recent issue that the book from which "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," now being played at Terry's, was adapted is by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. As a matter of fact, of course, "Mrs. Wiggs" is by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice.

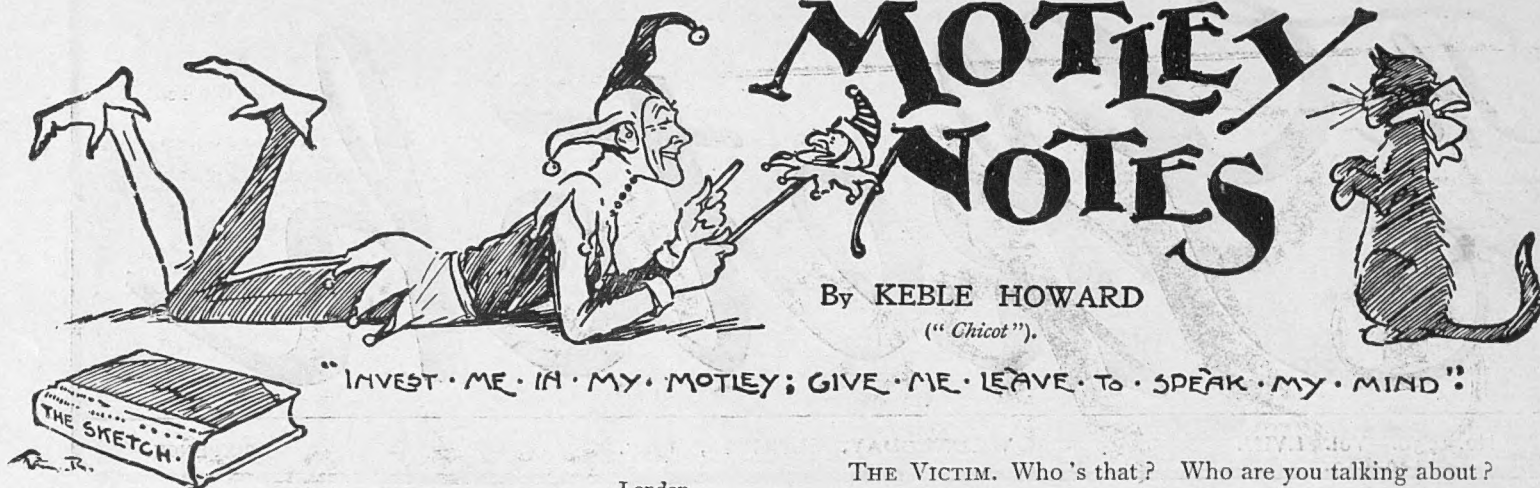


THE 12-16-H.P. VAUXHALL ENTERED FOR THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

Mr. Leslie Walton and Mr. Percy Kidner, directors of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., are shown in the car.

Mrs. Wiggin is best known on this side of the water by her "Timothy's Quest," "A Cathedral Courtship," "Penelope's Experiences," and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

London.

And Now the
"Dictograph"!

Pardon a platitude. Life is getting more and more complicated. The telephone made the way of the transgressor hard enough, in all (lack of) conscience; but Mr. K. M. Twiner, of New York, has trebled the ensnaring properties of the telephone by adding to it a "dictograph." This joyous instrument, it seems, has "the singular property of catching and transmitting every whisper within a radius of fifteen feet, and at the same time can make its own voice heard over a considerable distance." What a chance for the farce-writers! The second acts of those old phonograph farces, thanks to Mr. Twiner, become waste-paper; the first good dictograph farce will make a fortune.* Act I.—The short, stout husband, who has invested in a dictograph, carelessly leaves it working in his office whilst he is whispering to the typist. (So far, the old phonograph manuscript may stand.) Act II.—The short, stout man's wife and her friends come to the office to see the wonderful new invention. The dictograph suddenly begins to whisper. The short, stout man rushes at it and hurls it to the ground. The dictograph shouts. He breaks it up with the poker, and it dies, with a moan of reproach. A policeman, hearing the moans, rushes in and arrests the short, stout man for murder. Wife and friends, thoroughly repentant, try to save him. Useless. Act III.—As usual.

Borrowed
Wisdom.

Married men whose wives make a habit of keeping them at the end of a very short string should buy the current number of *Books of To-Day*, mark a certain passage in blue pencil, and leave the paper, carelessly enough, in some conspicuous place. This is the passage to be marked: "A woman who selfishly monopolises a man, or who interferes with his occupation, will not long keep his friendship. Very few women are clever enough to see this. A man will be eternally faithful if a woman does not hang herself like a millstone round his neck." If she does, on the other hand, he will not be unfaithful. Millstones are so heavy. When you see a man prematurely bent, therefore, you will know the reason: there is an invisible millstone hanging round his neck. The whole matter is summed up rather neatly by a wit in *Harper's Weekly*, who thus describes the husband's day: "Eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight hours for explanations." There is no moral to this paragraph except that, in an emergency, other people's sayings may be uncommonly useful.

A New Fireside
Game.

Do you know the very latest game? It is called "Inconsequent Conversations." I believe that Mr. Harry Fragon, the famous entertainer, invented it. At any rate, he taught it to me, and I am sure he will not be annoyed if I teach it to you. It is one of the many off-shoots, of course, of the game of Spoof. It can be played by two or more, and a Victim. To play it well you require some histrionic ability and an active brain. The success of the game depends upon your earnestness and rapidity of thought. If any player laughs the game is done, because the Victim will see through the trick. Your Victim, by the way, should be selected with discretion. An inquisitive, interfering, peppery person is best. We will imagine, then, that you and a friend and the Club Bore are sitting by the smoking-room fire. (How naturally one's thoughts turn to fires this gorgeous June!) Here is a sample of a conversation that will probably drive your Victim from the room, and perhaps into a madhouse—

YOU. But that was very rarely the case in the old days.

YOUR FRIEND. I don't agree with you. She might have made an enormous success with a little radium.

THE VICTIM. Who's that? Who are you talking about?
YOU: Rubbish, my dear chap! The total length from head to tail was fourteen foot six.

YOUR FRIEND (*scornfully*): Changing at Baker Street?

YOU: Entirely depends upon whether the marriage turns out happily.

THE VICTIM: What marriage? What on earth are you talking about?

YOUR FRIEND (*eagerly*): Ah! When you get there, yes! But suppose the broker drinks on Tuesdays?

YOU: Believe me, old fellow, they're far better boiled.

YOUR FRIEND (*with absolute conviction*): From the summit, looking upwards. But a slight acceleration of the revolutions—

YOU (*interrupting fiercely*): I told him that! I begged him to stay to tea! But it was the old story about the perforated croquet-mallets—

THE VICTIM (*holding his head*): Are you fellows mad, or am I?

YOUR FRIEND (*speaking carelessly*): Turkish or Egyptian?

YOU (*seriously—making a diagram in the air*): As reported, yes. But the last line of the ballad—

YOUR FRIEND (*quickly*): By the dozen?

YOU: Liverpool, for preference. I—

[Exit THE VICTIM, white and trembling.]

Wonders of the
Deep.

Chancing to be in Southampton the other day, I had a look at the *Adriatic*. I was both impressed and amused. I was impressed, first of all, by the size of the vessel: she is just about as big as a cathedral. It made me feel giddy to stand on the hurricane-deck and look down at the sea far, far below. I was impressed, again, by the Turkish and electric baths. There is something rather uncanny in the idea of a gentleman taking a Turkish bath in the middle of the Atlantic. And I was impressed by the electric bed-warmers, which seemed a marked advance, if I may say so, on Mrs. Bardell's panful of live coals. I was amused, on the other hand, by the gymnasium. Here, it seems, you may go for a six-mile gallop, or scull from Putney to Mortlake; or, if you are too stout—which I am not—roll yourself out flat with a mechanical contrivance of startling ingenuity. All you do is to sit in a chair, resign yourself to fate, and the machine does the rest. I don't know whether the *Adriatic* carries a staff of tailors and dressmakers. She certainly should, for there is every inducement, on board this extraordinary ship, for the thin to get stout and the stout to get thin. There should be some strange meetings on the landing-stages of New York and Southampton.

The Retort
Humble.

It seems that Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is of opinion that "enemies are only useful so long as you are rising. Once at the top, you must do away with them by making them your friends." I have never before had the opportunity of arguing with a Queen, and so this one must not be lost. I would respectfully point out, then, to her Majesty that enemies are as necessary to existence, whether you are at the top or not, as air and food. The chief value of an enemy is that he arouses sympathy for you, born of the spirit of antagonism. If nobody had ever thrown a bomb at the King and Queen of Spain the Spanish people would have taken years and years to discover how much they loved them. If nobody ever calls a Judge unjust, the sterling honesty of his character is never brought to light by debate. If nobody ever calls a man an ignorant ass all the world will be content to set him down as a colourless fool. And thus, with apologies for my platitudes, I bow low to her Gracious Majesty, and pass along to the very next subject.